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THE IRISH LAND BILL.

WHEN at the beginning of the Session Mr. GLADSTONE introduced the Irish Land Bill, he took care to place Mr. BRIGHT's proposal for enabling Irish tenants to buy their landlords out with English money in a different light from that in which he placed the main provisions of the Bill. It was an experiment which the Ministry thought not likely to lead to much good or harm, but which they were willing should be tried. Anxious to please Mr. BRIGHT, they yet intimated that they did not consider his plan an essential part of their measure. At a later period, when Mr. GLADSTONE was wearied out with the efforts employed on all sides to tease him into making a series of petty concessions to the landlords, he announced that it might be necessary to cut the Bill in half and to send up the Compensation Clauses to the Lords by themselves, leaving the rest of the Bill to time and chance. And now Mr. BRIGHT's scheme has been adopted by the House with the lassitude of complete indifference. It was left to Sir GEORGE JENKINSON and Mr. WHALLEY to head the opposition to what was once pronounced to be a departure from all sound principle. The Government simply say that it is a departure from all sound principle; and what then? Is there not the great Liberal majority ready to vote that every Irishman should have a silver-handled revolver given him by the State if Mr. GLADSTONE would but order it? But it is not only that the Opposition have lost heart, and that Mr. DISRAELI now entirely abstains from taking part in a political scene where he can do nothing; but the views of the landlords in England, and still more in Ireland, have suddenly undergone a great change. They like to see plans prepared for them by an ingenious Government which will enable them to escape from the situation created for them by the Bill, the difficulties of which they as yet only dimly appreciate. England chooses to give Irish tenants money to buy land with. Why should the landlords object? They will be sure to get a good price for the land, and have purchasers ready at hand if they wish to sell; and as yet they cannot foresee how much they may wish to sell. No one can pretend to calculate what will happen in Ireland, but at any rate we may venture to guess that the tenants will be ready to buy all the land they can get hold of. The tenant will actually in many instances pay less as instalments of purchase-money than he pays as rent. He will have to pay down out of his own resources one-third of the purchase-money, but he will be able to put this third out at a higher rate of interest in land than he could get by keeping it on deposit in a bank. Probably he will be able to borrow it with little difficulty, for the lender will always be able to make a good bargain by finding the money for the yearly payments by which the Government advance will be cleared off. To the tenant who can induce his landlord, by any of the many ways in which Irish poor men persuade Irish rich men to gratify their wishes, to sell his holding to him, Mr. BRIGHT's scheme will simply mean fixity of tenure without any re-valuation of rents. He will go on paying for thirty-five years the rent he has been paying already, and then he will, if he lives long enough, wake up and find he has got fixity of tenure without any rent at all to pay. The objection to the scheme is undoubtedly that England is using the credit given it by its punctual taxpayers to put a bonus into the pockets of one section of those for whom she has to care. The objections to Mr. BRIGHT's scheme are precisely the same as the objections to the guarantee of the Canadian Intercolonial Railway, and to the guarantee now proposed of the funds destined to make roads for the New Zealanders. Theoretically such grants are wrong, but countries are like fathers of families who find themselves obliged, however much they may dislike it, to spend more on one child than on another, and generally have to spend the most on the children who behave the worst.

the altered position in which the landlords will find them-

selves was illustrated by a discussion which took place on Monday evening with regard to a proposal made by Mr. KAVANAGH. Under the Act a tenant will be able to assign his interest to whom he pleases; and Mr. KAVANAGH tried to restrain this power by giving the landlord power within a year to evict the assignee without giving him compensation for disturbance. Mr. KAVANAGH pointed out that at present the landlord could exercise a considerable check over the introduction of persons on his land who were supposed to be disloyal, or in league with the local bandits, or grossly unfit to manage land. This plan of turning out the assignee of the tenant, if the landlord thinks him an improper person to be on his estate, is naturally a weapon which landlords can use in keeping up that guard over all the interests of public order which Mr. KAVANAGH said was one of the chief of their social duties. It was replied to this line of argument that the existing law permits assignments, and that to debar tenants for the future from assigning as they please would be to take from them an advantage they have now, whereas it is the principle of the Bill to let them keep all they have, and to give them a great deal more. But this was not all. It was also answered, and especially by Sir ROUNDELL PALMER, that under the Equities Clause the landlords might ask for an abatement if there was anything on the part of the tenant that was not quite proper and reasonable, and if he was not a proper person to have the land, he would come into Court as it were with dirty hands. Sir ROUNDELL PALMER even offered, in his obliging manner, to supply words of his own to make it clear that the Equities Clause would embrace such a case if the Government could not think of any for themselves. But what is worth noticing is the very different position in which the landlord would be, even supposing the Equities Clause were worded as well as could be wished, from that in which he is now. Hitherto he has exercised a sort of moral police over his territory. He has judged of the fitness of newcomers, and has had to give reasons to no man. But it will be quite another thing when he has to come into Court and allege positive reasons in plain terms. How can a landlord feel at ease if he has to come before a judge and ask him to take, we will say, a five-pound note off the sum otherwise to be awarded to the assignee of the tenant, because the landlord suspects, without any proof he can adduce, that the man is a Fenian, or because he believes the man's brother has written a threatening letter, or because the man is looked up to in the neighbourhood as almost a dead shot at an agent in a dog-cart? The moral police, the social control, the indirect guardianship of the peace, will pass out of the hands of the landlords, when, instead of issuing an indisputable order to an improper person introduced on their land to be off elsewhere, all they can do is to ask a judicial stranger that their suspicion of his impropriety may take a few pounds or shillings off the sum which the improper person is to be paid by them if they turn him out.

The Government decided to reject Sir JOHN GRAY's proposal to permit the landlord or tenant to create, by voluntary agreement, a fixity of tenure with periodical valuation of rents, and directly their decision was known the fate of the proposal was sealed. Many of the arguments against the proposal which the Government speakers thought fit to use must have seemed weak, even to themselves. That the landlords do not ask for such a plan, that the tenants would exercise unfair pressure to make landlords put the scheme in force, and that landlords would be driven to accept it by the despair into which the prospect of endless litigation under the Government Bill will plunge them, are arguments quite as forcible against Mr. BRIGHT's scheme as against Sir JOHN GRAY's. It certainly seems odd that the Irish tenants who are to be allowed to escape from the elaborate subtleties of the Bill by accepting a thirty-one years' lease, or by borrowing money to buy the landlord out, are not to be allowed to make the one contract for simplifying

their position which they really wish to make. The objection that the Government would not know how to manage periodical valuations of land, in order to fix the amount of rent, is puerile in the extreme. With what withering scorn Mr. GLADSTONE, if he wished to favour such a scheme, would denounce the imbecility of a Conservative Government that pronounced itself unable to conceive how to manage periodical valuations! Half the business of the Courts under the Government scheme will be to make estimates of fair rental, and the agents of the Government could certainly do carefully once in fourteen years what they will have to do in a rough way every day that a landlord and tenant case comes before them. The remainder men and the mortgagees would certainly not be more hurt by fixity of tenure and periodical valuation than they may get hurt by the Government scheme. A mortgagee might have reasonably thought that if he foreclosed he would be able to make his security more valuable by increasing the rents and taking advantage of the improvements which the tenants might have made. The Bill will prevent him from doing this. What the Bill gives is fixity of tenure mitigated by the uncertainties of litigation; what Sir JOHN GRAY proposed was fixity of tenure mitigated by periodical valuation. The position of the mortgagee seems to us much better under the latter than under the former system. It was impossible for any one who read impartially the speeches of the Government speakers on Sir JOHN GRAY's proposal to escape the uneasy conclusion that the Government had accepted Mr. BRIGHT's scheme, which three years ago Mr. CHICHESTER FORTESCUE denounced as revolutionary, because it was Mr. BRIGHT's, and had rejected Sir JOHN GRAY's scheme because it was only Sir JOHN GRAY's. But it must be owned that every Government in matters of this sort has to be guided, not only by theoretical arguments, but by considerations of policy and expediency. The proposal was not well supported, even by Irish members. It was not supported, although it was not opposed, by the Irish landlords. No expression whatever of a hearty wish for it had come from the Irish tenants. Under these circumstances, the Government naturally thought itself entitled to consider what would be the effect of countenancing it. They thought that in Ireland it might awaken agitation, and lead the popular mind to ignore what has been done for Irish tenants by the Bill, and to fix itself on the chance of getting hereafter that compulsory fixity of tenure which Parliament has wisely refused to sanction. They thought that in England it would add to the difficulties of the supporters of the Bill in the House of Lords; for the House of Lords would not only see in it another instance of unfair pressure to be exercised on the landlords, but would immediately seize on the great objections from the point of view of agricultural progress to which fixity of tenure is open. The course, therefore, taken by the Government has been probably the more prudent one, and even Sir JOHN GRAY seemed to receive with composure the rejection of his proposal.

SPAIN.

THE political condition of Spain seems likely, after a considerable interval, once more to attract attention. The Progressist party, which since the last Ministerial change is exclusively represented in the Cabinet, has determined to select ESPARTERO as its candidate for the Crown; and, although he has had the good sense to reject the offer, it is supposed that his resistance may be overcome. Marshal PRIM, having for the time failed to place an additional obstacle in the way of the elevation of the Duke of MONTPEISIER, now proposes that the REGENT's prerogative shall be enlarged, and his term of office extended. The Cortes, although after the fashion of Continental Parliaments they are content with a merely ostensible control over public affairs, may perhaps have become dissatisfied with the indefinite prolongation of a provisional system. More than a year has elapsed since it was formally determined that the form of government should be a monarchy; and PRIM, as well as SERRANO, has uniformly professed a desire to comply with the express terms of the Constitution; yet it has been found impracticable to fill the vacant throne because the only candidates that were acceptable to the PRIME MINISTER have hitherto refused the nomination. The Duke of MONTPEISIER would undoubtedly have welcomed the opportunity of gratifying the ambitious hopes which were suggested to him in his early youth; but Marshal PRIM feels or affects a dislike for a French dynasty, and probably he is unwilling to make himself dependent on a master. A King of mature years and of some natural ability, who had good reason to regard the Minister

as his enemy, would soon find means to deprive him both of his political office and of his more important position as Commander-in-Chief of the army. A child or an old man with the titular rank of king would interfere even less than the present REGENT with the authority of the real head of the Government. SERRANO, notwithstanding his advanced age and his unassuming character, still possesses influence with the officers of the army; nor is it forgotten that he contributed more directly than PRIM himself to the success of the revolution. The young Duke of GENOA would have been more manageable; and a worn-out veteran may perhaps be almost as eligible as a child. Thirty years ago ESPARTERO was distinguished by personal bravery, by integrity, and by remarkable incapacity as a statesman. The Spaniards have always retained a creditable respect for almost the only honest man who has held power during an entire generation; but the long retirement of ESPARTERO from public life sufficiently proves his inability to govern the country. It was well known that he disapproved of the policy of the QUEEN and of her successive Ministers, but he took no step to vindicate the liberty which he had once believed himself to have established. His age and his want of recent experience would now compel him, if he were raised to the throne, to depend on PRIM or on some other vigorous coadjutor. A boy-king might gradually become capable of performing his duties, and there would at least be reason to expect that he might found a dynasty. The aged Marshal would lose day by day any remaining capacity for government, and, having no children, he would during his brief reign leave the succession an open question.

According to another report, the project of choosing King FERDINAND of Portugal has once more been revived. The Spanish Minister at Paris has paid a flying visit to Madrid, and about the same time the Minister at Lisbon was suddenly summoned to consult with the Cabinet, and immediately afterwards sent back to his post. It has always been suspected that King FERDINAND's former refusal of the Spanish throne was caused rather by the apparent insincerity of the offer than by his own disinclination to accept a flattering proposal. The movements of Señor OLOZAGA, who represents the Spanish Government in France, are supposed to be connected with some intervention of the Emperor NAPOLEON, who may probably be anxious to prevent either the establishment of a Republic in Spain or the selection of an ORLEANS prince as King; but it is not easy to understand how any foreign Government could practically control the election. In the present day no French ruler would undertake to aid with arms or with money any party or dynasty in Spain; and the supposed good will of the EMPEROR would only render the object of his favour unpopular. The same reasons which might induce Marshal PRIM to support the Duke of GENOA or ESPARTERO would indispose him to the selection of King FERDINAND; and it may be doubted whether the Royal Family of Portugal could safely accept the offer of the Spanish throne. To the Spaniards the union of the whole Peninsula under a single Government would be in the highest degree desirable; but the Portuguese cling to the independence which has never been interrupted except for a short interval in the sixteenth century. No objection could be reasonably made to the personal selection of a German prince who was originally connected with the House of BRAGANZA by marriage; but the reigning King of Portugal is his father's heir; and it is well known that the choice of King FERDINAND would be popular in Spain, not so much on account of his personal merits, as in the hope that DOM LUIS would hereafter unite the separated kingdoms. In Portugal, as in most other countries at the present time, there are revolutionary elements which might become formidable if circumstances afforded any plausible cause for popular disturbance. Only a few months ago a nonagenarian General almost openly threatened a military rebellion in Lisbon, and it might be dangerous to furnish agitators with the grievance of an apparent conspiracy against national independence. The balance of probability is opposed to the renewal of the offer to King FERDINAND, or to his acceptance. It may perhaps suit the purpose of the Spanish Minister to amuse his countrymen from time to time with projects which he has no serious intention of adopting.

The controversy which has arisen between the Spanish Government and a considerable number of the bishops will perhaps not be unwelcome to the Ministers if it occupies public attention. Nearly forty bishops now attending the Council at Rome have, in a letter to the REGENT, formally refused to swear to the new Constitution. It would have perhaps been well if the authors of the last among many

Spanish Constitutions had abandoned the old-fashioned reliance on promissory oaths which has been inherited by democratic theorists from the absolute Governments of former times. No kingdom or republic was ever saved by an oath, which is not found in practice to be more binding than the tacit obligation of civil obedience. The useless tests which are still imposed by English law on official or professional persons have fortunately not been required to meet the strain of revolution; but the order which generally prevails in England in no degree depends upon oaths. The French Constituent Assembly of 1848 had the exceptional good sense to dispense with oaths except in the case of a single functionary, and it oddly happened that the personage who afterwards abolished the Constitution was, as he had himself on more than one occasion significantly remarked, the only man in France who had sworn to maintain it. The constituent legislators of Madrid followed the more usual precedent of insisting that all public functionaries should approve upon oath of provisions which many of them notoriously abhorred. There are troublesome persons who in private life are always attempting to extort open adhesion to their opinions where passive tolerance ought to satisfy all demands. The Cortes were perfectly right in establishing, as far as law could produce the effect, religious equality; but it was vexatious to require that priests and bishops should swear to act in violation of all their traditions and instincts by recognising on oath the rights of heretics. To the democratic platitudes of the Constitution the bishops would have offered no objection. The Church has for some time past contrived to reconcile political conformity with doctrines which entirely condemn all modern institutions. The Syllabus anathematizes every form of liberty; but in 1848 the French clergy were among the noisiest flatterers of the short-lived Republic. It would have been possible even to acquiesce in the discontinuance of persecution, and to bear with fortitude the opening of Protestant conventicles which are not likely to flourish permanently in the uncongenial climate of Spain; but an oath to a formula implies an admission that it is not immoral, and the dissentient bishops cannot bring themselves to allow that those who are destined to eternal condemnation can be entitled to equal rights on earth. In their protest to the REGENT they draw a sound distinction between obedience to the law and professed approval of the principles which it involves. It is the business of the State to protect the members of all religious communions, whether opponents may or may not acknowledge their claim to security. If prelates choose to call equal justice political atheism, they ought to be allowed perfect liberty of vituperation, except where foul language might tend to disturbance of the public peace. The Ministerial decree which requires the oath alleges that the Constitution contains nothing contrary to religion, and demands a proof that the clergy indulge no sentiment of repugnance to the liberties conquered by the Revolution of September. The MINISTER OF GRACE AND JUSTICE well knows that the repugnance of the bishops to religious equality is both flagrant and invincible, and, if they conformed, their oath would in no degree modify their convictions.

The recusant prelates are to be deprived of their incomes as long as they persist in being non-jurors; but persecution will neither change their convictions nor confute the reasonable arguments which they allege in their protest. It is impossible to measure the influence which the clergy may still exercise in Spain, but there can be little doubt that in rural districts they retain a certain power. It can scarcely be politic to unite the whole body in a permanent conspiracy against the present form of government. To the priests the Revolution of September has brought only loss and occasional oppression, and it would be strange if they failed to regret a state of affairs in which confessors contended with Captains-General for supreme power, or divided it with their military rivals by friendly arrangement. The stipends which are now to be confiscated or suspended have been irregularly paid, and the Government has never concealed its dislike of the clerical order. The remonstrating bishops assert that the Concordat has been openly disregarded, and that it is intended without legal right to suppress bishops and chapters. The divided allegiance of the clergy, and even of the zealous laity, is an inconvenience common to all Roman Catholic countries, but the bishops have a right to appeal to a treaty with the Holy See which contains provisions for their own protection. The Ministers and the majority of the Cortes may hereafter require the support of the Roman Catholics against the Republicans who are their most formidable opponents. The Government has wisely abstained from interfering with the dogmatic fantasies which

are to be adopted by the Council, but perhaps they are the more ready to quarrel with the clergy because the POPE and his advisers disregard the wishes of all civil Governments. If the Church is formidable, judicious statesmen ought not wantonly to provoke its hostility; and, on the other hand, it is useless and vexatious to persecute an adversary if he may safely be despised.

INDIAN AFFAIRS.

IT is difficult to say what degree of importance should be attached to the agitation against increased taxation which the telegraph and the post report to be spreading over India. If the blind forces of resistance which lie hidden in native society had really been raised, these statements would be extremely serious. But the information which has come to hand seems to indicate that the movement is as yet confined to that part of the English-born population which is not engaged in the service of Government. It is true that the principal Correspondent of the London press speaks of native gentlemen as having taken a prominent part in a great "indignation" meeting held in Calcutta; but, on examining the newspaper report, we cannot doubt that the speeches attributed to natives, though possessing some interest, were read or rehearsed from memory, and that the spirit of the proceedings was altogether out of harmony with native opinion. A proposal which seems to have been received with much favour was to save the necessity of an Income-tax by repudiating the pledge given by Lord CORNWALLIS at the end of the last century to the landed proprietary of Bengal Proper, and thus to recruit the Exchequer by a vast increase in the rent paid to the State by the most opulent province in the Empire. The fund, however, which consists in the difference between what the State might have taken in Bengal and what it does take, is the source of all the native fortunes which are to be found among an eminently uncommercial population, and it is quite incredible that any native gentleman of Bengal can have felt anything but extreme horror at the suggestion that the fund should be confiscated. To say the truth, the projects for new taxes offered to the Government by these meetings do not seem to have been very valuable. On the other hand, the exhortations to economy contained in the speeches and resolutions would be of the utmost value if they were only systematically persevered in. The Englishmen settled in India, but not in office, are the only class in the country which at the same time distinctly sees the connexion between extravagance and fiscal pressure, and which has no sort of interest except in encouraging public thrift. It is the misfortune of the Indian Government that nearly all the influences brought to bear on it are influences tending to undue expenditure. The native taxpayers millions have as little love for contributing to the public purse as any community in the world, but they have mostly the Oriental indistinctness of perception as to the true character of taxation, and they are always ready, so far as they express themselves at all, to cry out at the niggardliness of their rulers or to applaud splendid public extravagance. The official classes are, from the best of motives, engaged in a perpetual conspiracy against the Exchequer. All great Indian reputations are made by administrative success, which chiefly means getting a large sum of public money to spend on local objects. So far too as English opinion makes itself felt in Indian affairs, it is roused to demand or encourage extravagance. Sometimes the sanitarians get the public ear, and insist on covering the face of India with vast uncomfortable palaces intended by a Commission sitting in a London room to serve as barracks. The enthusiasts for irrigation works, for railways, for Courts of Justice filled with English lawyers, have all in turn had their day of influence and success. All of us remember one or more agitations for the redress of Indian grievances, but whether a class of British officers insist that some of their fellows have had a mysterious advantage over them, whether Parliament is asked to decide a particular class of debts to be booty of war, whether a native Prince with vast sums of money at command for any conceivable purpose complains of the cruel pecuniary wrongs of his ancestors, the appeal is in all cases to the British public to help in opening the Indian Treasury. The non-official Europeans in India are the only class which at once appreciates all this, and has an absolute and unqualified interest in checking it; and by the power which they derive from their newspapers, and from the correspondence which members of their body furnish to English journals, they could do a great deal to moderate it. But they only waste their influence when they press crude plans for taxation

on the Government, and they do something worse than wasting it when, as some of them did at Calcutta, they pour vulgar abuse on a Governor-General who undoubtedly owes such unpopularity as attends him to his stern public economy.

We wish we could believe that the resolution discussed by the House of Commons on Tuesday evening, and received with much respect by Mr. GLADSTONE, did not also threaten the Indian Exchequer. Nothing could be more harmless than the language of the resolution, or than the speeches of the gentlemen who supported it; but we are sorry to find it stated in the Manchester newspapers that whatever present interest is felt in the plan for placing mercantile men in the Indian Council has arisen from the complaints of a certain Captain SPRYE that he cannot get the Council to sanction his scheme for making a railway from British Burmah to the western provinces of China. Now Captain SPRYE's project may not be more chimerical than several which passed Committees of the House of Commons before 1867. It is true that it is a strong thing to advocate the making of a railway of which nothing is known except that its construction is perhaps physically possible to engineering skill—for which the labour must be imported, since there is none to spare in Burmah—which has to pass through the territory of tribes so savage that their crucifixion of Christian converts is the latest novelty in Indian intelligence—of which the further terminus is to be at a spot never yet seen or trodden by Europeans—and which is to penetrate Chinese provinces that no longer belong to China, but were found last year by the French explorers in a state of bloody anarchy under a Mahometan usurper. Still, if the Lancashire capitalists think that cotton piece-goods can be pushed into China by such a railway, there is no reason why they should not pay for constructing it. But that it should be constructed by the Indian Government through the peculiarly onerous method of guaranteeing interest on any capital which may be subscribed, is really a preposterous proposal. The Lancashire supporters of the scheme are of course aware that the railway is to end in China, but they are evidently unaware that it is not even to begin in India. British Burmah is not part of India. It is part of the Indian political system, under which it was brought by the questionable policy of Lord DALHOUSIE, but it is not part of India. It is inhabited by men of a different race, of different customs, and of different religion. It is separated from India Proper by some of the most impassable country in the world, and practically is only approachable by sea. It is quite monstrous to suggest that the comparatively homogeneous people which inhabits the vast but compact country reaching from Cape Comorin to the Himalayas should be taxed for a railway intended to carry imported Manchester goods from a province with which they have a wholly artificial political connexion, to a country with which (putting aside the opium sold by their rulers) they have next to no trade. A movement for remodelling the Home Government of India could have no more ominous commencement than in such a plan. It would be like an agitation to compel the Dominion of Canada to guarantee the unsaleable bonds of the North Pacific Railway, on the ground of its political relations with the Red River Settlement.

It is at the same time very far from unlikely that the Home Government of India has suffered by the nearly total loss of the mercantile element which predominated in the Directorate of the East India Company—an element now reduced, as stated in Tuesday's debate, to one single member. We should, however, imagine that the introduction of commercial men into the Council was desirable for other objects than the supervision of finance and the development of commerce. As a rule, the public men who have rendered direct practical service to finance and trade have not been bred to business. Mr. CORDEN and Mr. BRIGHT were eloquent expounders of theories and principles, but theory and principle have but a small part to play in the East, and what is wanted is skill of the same order as the practical statesmanship of PEEL, GLADSTONE, and LOWE. Still it is easy to conceive many ways in which a man trained to commerce might be of use. India makes vast purchases of stores in this country through the SECRETARY OF STATE, and although we have no doubt that the injurious insinuations of a part of the Indian press respecting these purchases are unfounded, Mr. BAXTER has done too much at the Admiralty for us to doubt that transactions of such magnitude might be usefully supervised by gentlemen of actual mercantile experience. The real problem is, as Mr. GLADSTONE put it, to find the men for the place. Under ordinary circumstances a man's fitness for the occupation in life which he has chosen is proved by his success in it; but men go into business to get rich, and what very rich man would take an office where the pay is

little, the work hard, the distinction small, and the tenure temporary? A still harder condition to satisfy is that severance from all interest in business which, as Mr. GRANT DUFF truly stated, is absolutely indispensable in everybody connected with India. In these days all forms of commercial occupation tend to become hereditary, and, even when they retire, men like to leave their capital in the business to be worked by their children. It is of course possible that all these difficulties may be got over, and that some valuable recruits may be secured for the Indian Council. We do not, however, think that they will be obtained easily, plentifully, or soon; and meantime we do not believe that either India or Lancashire will suffer greatly by their absence. Mr. GRANT DUFF spoke of the oddity of a movement in Lancashire for what is virtually a re-establishment of the East India Company, but even stranger is the extremely patriarchal view which the Lancashire gentlemen seem to take of the natives of India. If their speeches and local journals are to be believed, the Jesuits had not a more thorough plan of over-government for Paraguay than the Lancashire Chambers of Commerce have devised for India in the very home of *laissez-faire*. They have obviously not the remotest idea that they are theorizing about people who in their own small way are as shrewd men of business and as wide awake to their interest as anybody in Lancashire, and who will grow any amount of cotton if it only pays. If England gives India good government and equal laws purely administered, and if Lancashire is ready to give a handsome price for fair Dholerah, the natives may be depended upon to grow cotton to the utmost capabilities of the soil, and to buy piece-goods to any extent with the profits of cultivation. What the Lancashire gentlemen have to learn is that anybody who promises to do more for India than govern it well is either an impostor or may justly be suspected of a design to put his hands for his own advantage into the Indian Treasury.

THE MASSACRE IN GREECE.

IT is doubtful whether anything more is likely to be known of the circumstances which preceded the late disaster in Greece. When Mr. ZAIMIS informed Mr. ERSKINE that the robbers had been encouraged to advance their demands by leading members of the Opposition, he was probably speaking not on positive information, but from a knowledge of the ordinary practices of political parties in Greece; or he may simply have adopted a common form habitually used in the polemical language of the country. He has not since shown any disposition to maintain his statement by proof, or even by a repeated assertion of his belief; nor has any evidence hitherto connected any known Greek politician with the fatal transaction; yet it seems that Mr. ERSKINE, while he acquits the actual leaders of the Opposition of complicity, still believes that the Minister had accused some leading politicians. Count DELLA MINERVA confirms the statement that the robbers obtained a formal opinion from three Athenian lawyers. It is highly probable that members either of the Ministerial party or of the Opposition were in friendly relations with the band; and it has been shown that some members of the Government knew that it was in the neighbourhood of Marathon at the time when the MINISTER OF WAR declared that the roads were perfectly safe. If the prisoners who were taken by the troops are to be believed, the robbers were visited by persons in military costume who may or may not have brought messages from Athens. The robbers in custody naturally represent themselves as mere instruments of the policy of their chiefs, who according to their account insisted on the amnesty when their followers would greatly have preferred the immediate payment of the ransom. As if for the purpose of showing that in Greece there is no honour even among thieves, the prisoners add that if the money had been forthcoming the rank and file of the gang would immediately have divided it among themselves, and deserted their leaders. It is not necessary to believe that the unhappy captives would have profited by the unconditional transmission of the ransom. In one of his letters Mr. VYNER especially warned Lord MUNCASTER against sending or bringing the money until the terms of release had been settled. The only chance of saving their lives would have been the abstinence from the employment of force which was in the first instance distinctly promised to the English Minister; but it is fair to add that Mr. ERSKINE appears in some degree to have condoned by anticipation the violation of the agreement. It might be natural that he should be disinclined to discuss with TAKOS ARVANITAKI the question whether faith had been kept with the robbers; but the vilest of ruffians is worth conciliating or

convincing when he holds at his disposal several lives incomparably more precious than his own. Colonel THÉAGÉNIS indeed maintains that he could have compelled the robbers to release their victims if he had been informed in time that some of the chiefs were to spend the night in the house of Mr. NOEL; nor is it impossible that an exchange might in that case have been effected; but Mr. NOEL, who was, under the directions of Mr. ERSKINE, endeavouring to negotiate with TAKOS and his companions, is an Englishman; and, although it may be taken for granted that he would have been delighted to hear that his guests had been shot or hanged anywhere else, it was not to be expected that he would violate the safe conduct which he had implicitly given. Colonel THÉAGÉNIS was probably sincere in his professions of zeal for the release of the captives, but he appears to have entirely mismanaged his mission. His last despatch, in which he congratulates his Government on the partial destruction of the band, ends with a questionable flourish about the confidence in the Government which will be inspired by the triumph of law.

As might have been expected, just indignation has in England sometimes found unwise expression. The Government has been taunted with sluggishness because it has taken no steps to render the recurrence of similar atrocities impossible; and wild suggestions have been made that the Greek authorities should be temporarily superseded by a dictator from India, with two or three English regiments at his disposal. If spare troops are in want of employment, it would perhaps be more advisable to send them to New Zealand than to Greece. The colony would not only welcome their arrival, but it would also pay the expense of their maintenance, while in Greece they would be regarded as hostile intruders, against whom the purest patriots might lawfully combine with persecuted robbers. In ancient times a Greek city sometimes invited a foreigner to assume for a definite term the administration of its affairs with arbitrary power. The modern Greeks are extremely unlikely to revive the precedent; and it would be dangerous to impose alien dominion by force. It is a minor objection to the plan that no limit of time is proposed; and indeed interference and coercion would be as much wanted at the end of any time which might be chosen as at the beginning. It would be difficult to answer inevitable inquiries why the restoration of order had not commenced among the Manchester brickmakers or the tenant-farmers of Westmeath. Fortunately, no project so absurd will occur to any English Minister, and it would have been well if it had not been proposed by journalists who ought to have understood the impracticability of the plan. Another and perhaps more plausible suggestion is that the Protecting Powers should interfere for the suppression of anarchy in Greece; but if a joint intervention would be less invidious than separate action on the part of England, it would at the same time be more difficult of arrangement. Russia would not concur with England in any policy hostile to Greece, except perhaps with the ulterior object of creating a precedent for intervention in Turkey. It is highly unsatisfactory to have in a certain sense undertaken the guardianship of a country which seems unable to govern itself; but a constructive responsibility for anarchy is less onerous than the task of restoring order. When the independence of Greece was recognised, it ought to have been foreseen that liberty might perhaps be abused. It was out of the question to transfer the sovereignty of the country from the Porte to a joint committee of Protecting Powers. The veteran Philhellenists who blame Lord ABERDEEN and his contemporaries for not having enlarged the boundaries of the kingdom offer no useful contribution to the pending controversy. It is too late to readjust territorial questions between Greece and Turkey; nor can Prince LEOPOLD of Saxe-Coburg be resuscitated to organize the State which unhappily fell under the dominion of OTHO. The Protecting Powers have often enough advised successive Greek Governments to make roads, to put down robbery, and to abstain from wasting the national energies in idle projects of aggrandizement. If good use is made of a disastrous occasion it is possible that the Greeks may be startled and shamed into improvement by the disgrace which late events have brought upon their country. In no other form can good be extracted out of evil.

Even Sir ROUNDELL PALMER's authority will fail to persuade Parliament or the country that the Greek Government ought to be held formally responsible for the murder of English subjects, or even of a member of the Legation. "HISTORICUS," who lately quoted a text-book to prove that Ambassadors are exceptionally sacred, was probably right in

his opinion that the person of Mr. HERBERT was as inviolable as that of Mr. ERSKINE; but the safety of an ambassador or of a king can only be secured by the ordinary law which provides equally for the protection of the humblest alien sojourner. By an oversight "HISTORICUS" relied on a vague phrase which described a crime against an ambassador as subject to exceptional severity of punishment; but in England, as in other civilized States, there is no distinction of the kind. Two or three years ago the Emperor of RUSSIA, during a visit to Paris, narrowly escaped assassination at the hands of a Pole; and a French jury returned a verdict which exempted the criminal from capital punishment. No attempt was ever made to hold the French Government responsible for the insufficiency of the precautions which had probably been taken for the security of the EMPEROR; nor would ordinary negligence have furnished a ground for diplomatic reclamation, unless it appeared that it was exceptionally displayed in the case of the Imperial guest. The robbery which lately occurred at the house of the American Minister in London, though it caused general regret, was never supposed to raise an international question. If the burglar had aggravated his crime by the murder of any member of the Legation, investigation and punishment would still have belonged to the ordinary tribunals. To make a case against the Greek Government it would be necessary to prove either active complicity, or refusal to allow to English subjects and to the Secretary of the English Legation whatever protection is afforded to the Greeks themselves; yet it is notorious that Greek robbers select their victims without regard to race or language, except indeed that they suppose foreigners, and particularly Englishmen, to be enormously rich. Unless national honour imperatively requires formal satisfaction it is not altogether desirable to provide the Greeks with a new excuse for neglecting their duties. The knight in the story fled from his adversary because he was consciously defending an unjust cause, but as soon as he was called a coward he turned round and declared that in that quarrel he was ready to fight to the death. Every Greek who retains a particle of patriotic or honourable feeling heard with pain and dismay of the murder of the captives, but if real or seeming injustice were perpetrated by the English Government in return, he would gladly exchange the position of a penitent wrongdoer for the satisfaction of vindicating the independence of his country. The attempt to distinguish the case of Mr. HERBERT from that of his companions would not even have the advantage of expressing English feeling. The Government of Italy, with exactly the same cause of complaint, will not be disposed to press hardly upon Greece. The possibility that a foreign diplomatist might be seized by robbers in Calabria or in Sicily would alone be sufficient to restrain the zeal of Italian statesmen. It is said that some English travellers who were a few years since seized by robbers and held to ransom were mistaken for the Prince of WALES and his party. The precedent of holding the Government responsible for private crime would be dangerous to a State which, notwithstanding vigorous and partially successful efforts, has not suppressed the trade of open robbery. The whole matter may be safely entrusted to the prudence of Lord CLARENDON.

THE FRENCH LIBERALS AND THE PLEBISCITE.

THAT section of French Liberals which still believes, or makes believe, in the Parliamentary Empire naturally dwells with much satisfaction on the difference in the numbers of the Opposition in June, 1869, and May, 1870. In the former year 3,362,580 votes were given against the Government, in the latter only 1,560,706. In Paris the returns tell the same tale. In 1869 the Opposition votes amounted to 226,123; in 1870 they have fallen to 184,246. The moral drawn from this comparison of course is that the majority of the Liberal party have accepted the plébiscite in the sense of a "consecration" of the Liberal Empire. We should attach more weight to this inference if there were any to show that it is the inference drawn by NAPOLEON III. If he had meant the plébiscite to be so regarded, and knew that as a matter of fact it had been so regarded, the results of the voting would be sufficiently decisive. Instead of this he has all along treated the late appeal to the people as designed to extract a fresh vote of confidence in himself. The language of his proclamation was utterly incompatible with any other interpretation, and this interpretation is fatal to the version of the event which is in favour with the Liberals of whom we are speaking. The sense in which the EMPEROR will accept a favourable answer to his appeal will be the sense in which he meant that the appeal itself should be understood. If the Noes to the

plébiscite had been as numerous as the votes given to the Opposition candidates last year, he would have been forced to understand that the Liberals of France are still resolute in their repudiation of Personal government. His deduction from the actual numbers will be the direct contrary of this. He will argue with perfect truth that the majority of them have accepted the apparent compromise with which he has been pleased to amuse them, and are content to see Parliamentary legislation ratified by an act which is destructive of Parliamentary authority. The Republicans were against him in 1869, and they are against him in 1870. Of that fact he has been aware all along, and so long as it stands alone he can pretty well measure its significance. The terrors of the election of 1869 were due to the unexpected disclosure that the whole Liberal party had made common cause with the Republicans, and had shown for the first time a common front against the official candidates. From that day the Imperial policy has been ingenious and consistent. It has aimed first at replacing the Opposition in the old position of a house divided against itself, and, secondly, at restricting the concessions necessary for this object within the limits of Personal government. By the active assistance of M. OLLIVIER, and the passive assistance of those numerous Liberals whose fear of disorder is greater than their love of liberty, the design has for the time succeeded. NAPOLEON III. is still the absolute sovereign of France, and the active opposition to his Government is once more identified with the avowed enemies of his dynasty.

The advantages the EMPEROR must be supposed to see in this result will not be easily discerned by unbiassed observers. The extreme section of the Liberals are morally strengthened by the unexpected overthrow of Parliamentary government just at the moment when it seemed to have made good its victory. They have preached from the beginning that no trust can be placed in NAPOLEON III. Their disbelief in him had not been removed by the concessions which induced the rest of the party to abandon their attitude of hostility, and finally to accept office at his hands. But though it had not been removed it had been shaken, and there began to be signs that the Left might shortly break up, one part of it giving a general support to the OLLIVIER-DARU Cabinet, the other part avowing that in their eyes Parliamentary government was no less hateful than Personal. Now this disintegrating process is more than checked. The event has fully justified the original incredulity of the Republican minority, and they may claim credit for superior foresight and a truer instinct in holding aloof from all active participation in the pretended transformation of the Empire into a Constitutional Monarchy. The Left is again united, and united on the basis of the proved incompatibility of the Napoleonic Empire with liberty in any form. But it may easily turn out that it is strengthened as well as united. The Liberals who have been betrayed will by and by recover from the stupor into which the plébiscite has thrown them, and will begin to form new combinations in the country and the Corps Législatif. Some of them may possibly be won over to the Republic as the best government for France, while Republicanism regarded simply as an anti-dynastic movement can hardly fail to be the gainer. The partisans of Constitutional Monarchy cannot form any permanent alliance with the partisans of a Democratic Republic, but they may prudently make common cause with them for a time. They have one point upon which they agree—the impossibility of NAPOLEON III. becoming anything different from what he has been since the *coup d'état*; and, though this agreement may not carry them very far, it may give birth before it is dissolved to practical consequences of no little importance. That France shall have an opportunity of deciding how she will be ruled, without the incubus of the Empire being there to determine the decision beforehand, may be equally desired by men who cherish very different hopes as to the use to which the opportunity will be turned. Before the plébiscite the Parliamentary Liberals had ceased to wish for any such opportunity. The Empire seemed to be fast becoming all that they could wish to see it, and if the material force it exercised could be used for constitutional liberty instead of against it, they were far from unwilling to profit by its aid. If the cause which they had hitherto identified with the family of ORLEANS could be better served by the conversion of the EMPEROR than by his dethronement, to hold any longer aloof from public life would have been to subordinate the victory of political principle to the maintenance of a political party. These doubtless were the considerations which led Count DARU and M. BUFFET to take office in the late Cabinet, and it is obvious that if they had been able to take the same view of their duty for the remainder of the EMPEROR's reign, they would have

been bound to his son alike by honour and interest. There would have been a tacit understanding that NAPOLEON III. had consented to become a constitutional sovereign in order to ensure the recognition of NAPOLEON IV. in the same capacity, while the necessary dependence of a young EMPEROR on the advisers bequeathed to him by his father would have enabled them to remedy any defects in the Constitution which had survived the surrender of 1869. Whatever support the succession of the PRINCE IMPERIAL might have derived from this source has now been thrown away. There is not a consistent Liberal in the country who will be bound or inclined to further it. The one way in which such a succession could have been peaceably secured would have been the growth of a conviction on the part of the moderate Liberals that everything they really cared for had been obtained, and that the conduct of affairs being already in the right hands, the best thing that could be done was to leave it there. In finally alienating the Parliamentary Liberals from the Empire, the EMPEROR has thrown away his son's prospects in order to retain his own personal power. In a man whose dynastic ambition is so pronounced, such conduct can only be explained on the theory we have more than once insisted on—that NAPOLEON III. is too profound a disbeliever in constitutional sovereignty to care about seeing either himself or his son in the position of a constitutional sovereign.

That the alienation of the Parliamentary Liberals is as complete as we have assumed it to be may perhaps be contested. In that case we can but point to the recent Ministerial changes. The only perceptible difference between the Cabinet as it is and the Cabinet as it was in the days of avowed Personal government is that there has been a marked loss of administrative ability. MM. ROUHER and DE FORCADE LA ROQUETTE may have been only clerks, but at all events they were first-class clerks. With the single exception of M. OLLIVIER, the present Ministers can claim no such praise, and they certainly have no political merits to counterbalance their personal insignificance. They will be as much the obedient tools of M. OLLIVIER as M. OLLIVIER himself is the obedient tool of the EMPEROR. It pleases the Imperial fancy to bid his subjects play at Ministerial responsibility and Parliamentary institutions, and NAPOLEON III. has taken care to surround himself with servants who, whether from subservience or from simplicity, can be trusted to carry out the jest. It is impossible to regard this second triumph of Bonapartism over liberty as anything less than a great calamity to France and Europe. The transformation of the Empire seemed to offer a fair prospect of putting an end to that series of revolutions which it has been the fate of France to undergo since 1789. If, on the death of the EMPEROR, the PRINCE IMPERIAL could have had the united support of the Imperialists and the Parliamentary Liberals, the Republican party might have declined the unequal contest, and contented themselves with looking forward to a future which every year of freedom and order would have tended to make more remote. As it is, the death of NAPOLEON threatens to plunge France into wild confusion. The Bonapartists, the Parliamentary Liberals, the Republicans, will all have their several plans; and though the two latter may for a time be found acting in a sort of provisional union, the truce can be but of short duration, and their triumph over the common enemy would inevitably be the signal for its dissolution. Such are the miserable results of the vanity and *finesse* of one man. If ever a mother had reason to curse the day on which her child was born, it is the unfortunate country which brought forth M. ÉMILE OLLIVIER.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS.

IT is right that the defeat of the agitation for turning women into politicians should not pass unnoticed. It may be safely assumed that a considerable section of the minority rejoiced in their own failure. Some of them had voted with Mr. JACOB BRIGHT almost in joke, under the well-founded conviction that his Bill would certainly not pass into a law. The sentimental and the theoretical advocates of the change were more in earnest; but legislation ought seldom to be founded on inferences from abstract propositions, and never on emotion or fancy. Three or four supporters of the Bill may possibly have concurred with Mr. MILL, and with the ladies who have promoted the agitation, in the belief that the direct intervention of women in public affairs would improve the morality of government and of law. There can be no doubt that philanthropic and religious projectors might appeal

with additional prospects of success to a Parliament or to a constituency largely diluted with women. Laws for the suppression of intemperance and of every form of licentiousness would find favour with a sex which is amiably incapable of understanding that some things which are right in themselves cannot advantageously be enforced. The boundaries of morality and of positive law, which have with the aid of long experience been approximately defined, would be immediately effaced by a female Parliament; and the efforts of a feminine minority would tend in the same direction. It would perhaps be too late to re-enact measures of religious proscription, but if Mr. BRIGHT'S Bill had been in force forty or fifty years ago, the Roman Catholic disabilities would never have been removed. The members of the great Liberal majority which overthrew the Irish Church could probably with few exceptions testify to the open or tacit disapprobation which their votes excited in their own domestic circles. It is true that there are female zealots who adopt with intolerant faith the opinions which from time to time are professed by the leaders of their own political party, but men are factious enough not to require the reinforcement of a few shrill and unreasoning enthusiasts. If Mr. BOUVIER'S statistics were correct, the admission of female householders to the suffrage would perceptibly affect the balance of elections; but almost every speaker in the debate properly dealt with the larger enfranchisement which would necessarily follow. For practical purposes it must be taken for granted that women, if they were allowed to vote, would form one-half of the whole electoral body. The well-disposed majority would merely provide their natural guides with duplicate votes; but feminine agitators bent on separate action would secure a band of followers large enough to derange many political calculations. It is said that at the last municipal election the Conservative party acquired, through the influence of the clergy, an unexpected advantage; and in the upper classes women for the most part incline to aristocratic institutions. Whether the impulses of the wives and daughters of small tradesmen and workmen will be of the same kind may be reasonably doubted.

There may of course be a reasonable difference of opinion as to the expediency of the various measures which women might be expected to favour; but the controversy is only of secondary interest, inasmuch as no law or constitution would really enable women to govern or to legislate. Rightly or wrongly, in all serious matters men will have their own way; and it would be injudicious to establish a system which would be evaded whenever its operation became perceptible. One reason of the inability of women to resist the decision of the stronger sex would be that they could never exhibit physical force in the background; but there are other obvious impediments to their exercise of power. In many households where the wife is wiser and better than the husband, and in some where she is only more active and selfish, her influence is unavoidably predominant; but in such cases she will probably be indifferent to a nominal increase of the power which she already possesses. Women, as such, would have great difficulty in combining against the domestic opponents whom they would personally prefer to their political associates, and even if they now and then obtained by surprise a triumph in an election or a Parliamentary division, the knowledge that the victory was the result of a female intrigue would expose a candidate or a measure to fatal ridicule. The belief that the clergy of some persuasions exercise special influence over women, while they shrink from grappling with men, diminishes, as far as it is entertained, the respect which may be deserved by their qualities and by the services which they render to the community. Mr. MILL indeed praises them because they have done wisely, and proposes to a lay generation to imitate their example by studying and humouring the peculiarities of the sex. But Mr. MILL is perhaps biased on a question which he treats with exceptional solemnity; and if women are to be relieved from political disabilities, it seems inconsistent to recommend that useless efforts should be made to control their feelings and their judgment. It is a more serious objection to Mr. MILL'S plan that it would be injurious to the character of women, and to their comfort, than that it would deteriorate government or law. If a converse change were to render men jointly responsible for the conduct of the kitchen and the nursery, a masculine obtuseness of conscience would facilitate the neglect of uncongenial duties; and a sense of absurdity would guard them from profiting by their right of entrance into the attics and the basement. Women transferred from their proper position would be vainer and rasher, and for the most part they would probably be more scrupulous; yet on a balance of con-

siderations, the most competent female voters would probably be the least inclined to discharge their novel functions at the polling-booth. The best that could happen if Mr. JACOB BRIGHT were to carry his Bill, would be that it should remain a dead letter. The fate of Mr. BRUCE'S cab regulations proves that legislation becomes powerless when it ceases to take account of convenience, of habit, and of human nature. The inversion or abolition of the relations which have always existed between the sexes would be more difficult than even the enforcement upon street passengers of the rules which were devised for their annoyance.

The agitation for the rights of women is more intelligible in the United States, although it has not yet been even there successful. According to the popular American theory, a vote is not primarily a part of the machinery of government, but rather an imprescriptible right vested in every free citizen for his security. It was on this ground that the suffrage was extended to the whole negro population, first by the legislation of Congress, and afterwards by the adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution. Although the policy of the measure must be tested by its future results, even its opponents admitted that it was recommended by plausible reasons. It was known that the liberated slaves possessed no political competence, but it was contended that they required protection which could only be afforded by the Ballot. Only Republican enthusiasts believe that they will practically be allowed to enjoy equality with their former masters, but it is better that they should be exposed to cajolery than to persecution. Rightly or wrongly, the prevailing opinion in the Northern States approves of the establishment of universal suffrage, even in the extreme case of constituencies including a superior and an inferior race. The agitators for female suffrage now plausibly argue that a white woman is better educated and more intelligent than an ordinary black man; and that it is therefore unjust to withhold from her the privileges which have been conferred on the ignorant masses of the South. Even in America public affairs are happily not regulated by the barren play upon words which passes with shallow declaimers for logic. The claims of the women have hitherto been defeated on the expressed or implied ground that they are not, like the Southern negroes, a separate and perhaps hostile class, exposed to peculiar dangers. It is also possible that the coarse and silly violence of the women who take the most active part in the movement confirms the general prejudice against female politicians. The discussion is maintained with unabated activity, but one State Legislature after another silently abstains from making the required concession, and the question has not yet been debated in Congress. No accumulation of rhetoric would persuade a man of ordinary capacity and observation that women are not intrinsically different from men. If female suffrage is hereafter adopted in the United States, the innovation will not be caused by argument, but by calculations of votes instituted by the election-managers of some temporarily dominant party.

American legislation has long since deprived malcontent women of a grievance which will be redressed in England if Mr. RUSSELL GURNEY'S Bill passes into a law. The protection which will be afforded to the property of married women of the upper classes matters comparatively little, as it is for the most part already reserved for them by marriage settlements. Somewhat lower down in society the small dowry of the bride is, probably to the advantage both of husband and wife, generally invested in the business on which they depend for subsistence. The Bill is almost exclusively intended for the benefit of married women of the working-classes, who are exposed to frequent injustice through the legal power of their husbands over their little hoards of savings. It is difficult to believe Mr. GURNEY'S statement that there are in England 800,000 married women who earn their own subsistence; but it is fair that they should be enabled to apply the proceeds of their labour to their own maintenance and to that of their children. It is well known that laundresses and other women who pursue unusually gainful occupations are the prey of the fortune-hunters of humble life, who deliberately marry them for the purpose of living in idleness on their earnings. By the provisions of an Act passed several years ago, wives may in certain cases obtain from a magistrate protection against the extortion of husbands; but it is necessary as a condition of the protecting order to prove that the wife has been deserted, and on the return of the prodigal she in nine cases out of ten forfeits her security by condoning his offence. Thus far a male House of Commons elected exclusively by male voters has shown that it is not necessary to extend the constituency that women may render justice to women. It is

fortunate that the management of the Bill has been entrusted to the RECORDER, who is neither a revolutionary agitator nor a youthful enthusiast. There will be no difficulty in devising, if necessary, clauses for the protection of creditors against collusive transactions between husband and wife. Bankrupts of a rank to enjoy the luxury of marriage settlements already possess almost excessive facilities of defrauding creditors; and the debts of the working-classes are but seldom covered by legal security. The village shopkeeper would know how to put a pressure on a customer who referred him to her insolvent husband while she was herself able to pay. Mr. RUSSELL GURNEY's proposal has no resemblance to Mr. JACOB BRIGHT's abortive scheme.

BELGIUM.

IF a country is happy that has no history, Belgium ought to be very happy so far as we in England know, for it is only recalled to our recollection when the KING pays one of his welcome visits to this country. He is here now, and how very glad he must be that his father had the sense not to accept the throne of Greece and to wait for that of Belgium instead. It is perhaps easy to forget how great a success the Kingdom of Belgium has been, partly owing to the wisdom and immense experience of the late KING, and partly to its enjoying a European guarantee from spoliation, but very much more owing to the people of Belgium themselves. Belgium was to all appearance a very artificial contrivance. It had never had an existence in history. It had been successively the possession of Spain, of Austria, of France, and of Holland. It had never been accustomed to freedom or to free political institutions. Its ancient military history was that of being the cockpit of Europe; its recent military history was not reassuring. It comprised two distinct and alien populations, and even now a Flemish labourer will remain half-starved and half-employed rather than move a few miles away to get nearly double the wages in a Walloon district. Its population is indeed all of one religious faith, but it would be difficult to adduce an instance of a fiercer fight within constitutional limits than has been fought since 1830 between the priestly and the Liberal parties in Belgium, with a slight but steady victory for the latter. Diversities of condition, of habits, and possibly of race, are great obstacles in the way of the cohesion of the different parts of a territory that is suddenly told to consider itself a country. But from one cause or another Belgium did cohere, and there is always something in success that defies analysis; and now that it has cohered we are able to see how much life and vigour are imparted to its social and political existence by the great variety to be found in its different districts. Considering how small a portion of Europe Belgium occupies, and that in spite of the density of population in some of its provinces the total population is under five millions, it is astonishing how many and great are the diversities of people, of soil, and of industries that Belgium presents. There is the special district of small cultivation, the cockpit of political economists, comprising the sandy districts of East and West Flanders, the Pays de Waes, and the Campine. Then there are the two great Walloon districts of Hainault and Liège, the first rich in mines, the latter in manufactures, where the soil, naturally better, is held in larger holdings, and where land occupies a secondary place in the thoughts of men; and lastly, there is the district of Luxembourg, mostly in the hands of considerable proprietors. If, on the one hand, it is true that the intense Conservatism which seems everywhere to go with what is very inaccurately termed peasant proprietorship has had much to do with the cohesion of Belgium, and has furnished, as in France, a useful counterpoise to the socialism of the large towns, it is also certain that Belgium has grown into a nation because it had other elements of social life than the cultivation of land on a small scale can supply, and that its manufacturing industry, and its aristocracy, with estates of very considerable extent and fair revenue, have combined to make it what it is.

The Government plays in Belgium a part which seems admirably adapted to the circumstances of the country. There is much less interference of the police in Belgium than in France, and a greater reliance on the ordinary operation of the law. Five-and-twenty years ago there was in South Belgium a widely spread agrarian agitation, full of the horrors of arson and assassination so familiar to the readers of recent Irish news, and arising from new tenants being admitted without the out-going tenant being recompensed for what he considered he had laid out. The out-going tenants went on in fact just as if they had been in Ireland; but they found out their mistake. The agitation had spread into France, and the Belgian and

French Governments determined to put it down, and their different modes of proceeding are very suggestive of the difference between the two countries. The French Government, with that ingenuity and that indifference to anything but results which distinguish it, hit upon the effective plan of forcing the out-going tenant to domicile himself near his old holding, and then seizing on him and making him liable if damage was done. They used him as a hostage, and rather than submit to that he preferred to give up murder. In Belgium the Government declined to do more than put the ordinary law in force; but then they did put it in force, and the agitation died out with the execution of a hired assassin who had undertaken to soothe the feelings of an injured tenant for ninety francs. The Belgian Government, again, does little to interfere directly for the promotion of prosperity in particular places, after the fashion so popular in Imperial France. It tried some years ago to set up a sort of agricultural colony in one of the most barren and unpromising parts of the Campine, but it found the enterprise a failure. The colonists would not work, for they considered that the Government was bound to provide for them; and it was only when Government sold off its property for a sixth of its cost, and a spirited proprietor began to grind the tenants as Belgian tenants are accustomed to be ground, that the concern took a new start. On the other hand, the Government has interfered to promote the general prosperity of the country by becoming possessed of the great channels of communication, to an extent not known in any other country. Almost all the canals belong to the Government, which allows lime and manure to pass free of dues; and, as lately in the Campine, the Government constructs canals through barren districts as a means both of communication and irrigation. The railways, too, are in a large measure State property, and within the last few days a debate of more than usual liveliness has taken place on a proposal of the Government to purchase a large group of railways under the control of a Company. There are of course objections to the purchase and working of railways and canals by the State with which we are sufficiently familiar in England. But the balance of opinion in Belgium appears to be most decidedly in favour of the system. There can be no doubt that the extreme cheapness with which passengers and goods are carried in Belgium has had much to do with the development of the resources of the country. But the possession of all the principal arteries of circulation by the State has also had in Belgium the effect, of which there was there especial need, of making the whole body feel itself to be one. The cohesion of the nation has been materially aided by the general feeling that the district of Belgium was more than a geographical expression, and that it meant a territory the parts of which were bound together by a network of communication having a national character. It was probably the fear lest this feeling should be impaired, much more than the fear of direct aggression from France, that led the Belgian Government to insist so positively, and at the risk of offending the French Government, on forbidding the transfer of the Luxemburg line to a French Company.

All disputants who wish to write up or to write down small cultivation fly to Belgium for illustrations, and the economical condition of Belgium is deserving undoubtedly of the most attentive study. What the final conclusion to be deduced from this study ought to be, too little even yet is known perhaps for cautious people to pretend to decide with any great degree of confidence. But there are a few general remarks on the small cultivation of Belgium, which may be safely made. In the first place, small cultivation, where it answers, does answer very well. More is got out of the land than in any other way, and the combination of capital and of minute personal skill and attention, which is commonly found in Belgium, produces marvellous results in getting a great variety of crops out of very poor soil. But when this is once said, we may go on to observe that the general position of those engaged in small cultivation in Belgium is very different from that which is supposed to be the condition of peasant proprietors. In Belgium the small cultivators are, as a rule, not proprietors, but tenants. In some parts of Belgium, where small cultivation is most developed, there is only one proprietor cultivating his land to five tenants cultivating the lands of small proprietors. The small proprietors reside in the towns, are engaged in other forms of industry, and let off the whole or part of their lands. These small tenants of small proprietors seem to lead very unattractive lives. They are the servants of many masters; for, in order to get land lying together, they are obliged to get one piece from one man and another piece from

another, and the opportunity for petty tyranny thus presented is not neglected. The grocer who lets the tenant have the piece he wants expects him to come for sugar and candles to his landlord; and if he cared for electoral liberty he would have to stifle his feelings, for he is always beset by the solicitations or orders of those who can aid or injure him. He has no lease, as a general rule, to protect him; the law gives him no claim for improvements, and the legal machinery for distress and execution would have been thought satisfactory even by a Parliament of Irish landlords. Leases for more than nine years are almost unknown in Belgium, and in proportion as the cultivation is not small the leases begin to exist and to increase in length within the nine years' limit. The tenant has naturally to give up every thought, and retain every member of his family, male and female, in carrying on his anxious struggle for existence. Small cultivators will not send their children even to schools where the education is gratuitous, and as small cultivation advances, ignorance advances also. The Belgian tenants make money in spite of everything, and this is the one charm of their lives. It is a great charm, and money, which is the root of all evil, is also the root of many virtues; but it is desirable to understand at what a cost this money is made. Lastly, Belgium shows plainly what is so often forgotten when small cultivation is talked of—that to be able to cultivate land profitably on a small scale is an art, and a difficult art, the fruit of long years, and perhaps centuries, of endeavour, ingenuity, and patience. The poor Belgian has learnt from his cradle the peculiar knack of getting crops out of a little plot of bad land, just as the Swiss peasant girl learns the peculiar knack of making watch-springs, and the Leicestershire dairywoman learns the peculiar knack of making Stilton cheeses. There are parts of Belgium where the small cultivator of his own land makes but a miserable figure, and gets little out of the soil. The attempts made by FEARGUS O'CONNOR and others to set up small cultivation suddenly and violently have necessarily failed because the small cultivators knew nothing whatever of a very special business. Generations of Flemings have been learning this business in Belgium and teaching it each to its successor, and this is the reason why small cultivation produces there results which with a less apt and disciplined population it could not attain.

THE NEW ZEALAND LOAN.

IT is often a subject for congratulation when a powerful Cabinet sets logic at defiance. A Minister who has committed himself to an unsound principle can very seldom be induced to confess and repudiate his blunder. Sometimes, when parties are very equally divided, this great humiliation may perforce be accepted, but a Cabinet with a majority of more than a hundred must have developed an unusual amount of Christian meekness when it submits to an unequivocal acknowledgment of error. In such cases the utmost that reasonable men will expect or ask is that the false step should at the same time be justified and retraced, and the true path regained by a sacrifice of logic instead of by a sacrifice of fancied dignity. The modified tone of the colonial policy of Lord GRANVILLE affords a remarkable illustration of this well-known method of escaping from a false position. If ever a man committed himself to anything, Lord GRANVILLE stood committed to the doctrine that the relations between Great Britain and her colonies were to be governed by the sternest doctrines of political economy. The sentiments engendered by the past, and the glorious possibilities suggested in the future, were to count for nothing. Colonial freedom and colonial responsibility were to go hand in hand. England and her children were to cast up debtor and creditor accounts against each other; so much protection was to be set against so much subservience, and the acknowledgment of quasi-independence of action on one side was to be balanced by an absolute immunity from all the imperfect obligations which the actual relations between a mother-country and her colonies tend to create. Let the difficulties of a distant colony be what they might, England, as Lord GRANVILLE would interpret her, disowned all obligation to render the assistance in men or money, or in any other shape, which she could easily give and they could so hardly dispense with. The theory was perfect in its logic, however alien to the feelings of the kindred peoples at home and beyond sea to whom Lord GRANVILLE would have applied it. It was strictly consistent throughout, and it meant the enforced separation of the component parts of the British Empire. On this principle Lord GRANVILLE was quite in harmony with the doctrines of the separatist school repre-

sented by Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH when he sturdily refused to New Zealand the assistance, and even the moral support, of a regiment of red coats, and gradually denuded Canada of her garrison at the very time when Fenian raids were compelling her Volunteers to leave their occupations and sacrifice their earnings in order to defend their frontier against the enemies of England. But in spite of much blundering on the part of the self-constituted advocates of the colonies, it was brought home to the minds of all men, not excepting even our all-powerful Ministers, that the hard and cold idea of Lord GRANVILLE was not by any means the rule which the people of England desired to apply to colonial questions. In their enthusiastic stupidity it was apparent that they believed in the British Empire, and regarded HER MAJESTY'S Dominion of Canada and her Colony of New Zealand with very much warmer feelings than were at all to be justified on Lord GRANVILLE's idea that the several parts of the Empire were nothing more than independent nations connected by the accidental and temporary bond of a common allegiance.

It is plain that the Ministers have, to their credit, learned the lesson that popular opinion has impressed upon them. Of course they maintain the soundness of their original theory, but they are quite prepared to set logic at defiance and act on one principle while they profess to be guided by another which is diametrically opposed to it. This is all that any one need desire at present; for we may rest satisfied that, when action points in one direction and theory in the opposite, the theory will conform to the logic of facts long before facts are bent to accord with a doctrinaire policy. Within a very short time after the promulgation of Lord GRANVILLE's doctrines in the matter of the New Zealand war, two occasions have arisen to test the soundness of his unsympathizing policy. One was the Red River difficulty in Canada, the other was the New Zealand project of a loan. In both of these emergencies we are happily able to congratulate the Government on their judicious inconsistency. If it was right to refuse to the New Zealanders the assistance of Government troops in their hard struggle with the savage tribes around them, it would, *à fortiori*, have been right to leave the Canadians to put down their rebellious half-breeds by their own strength; but in the brief interval since Lord GRANVILLE's unfortunate despatch to New Zealand a flood of light had been thrown upon the whole subject, and the Government agreed without demur to share the burden of the little expedition by which RIEL and his half-breeds were to be brought back to their allegiance and punished for their crimes. This of course was frightfully illogical, but it was right, and it will go far to neutralize the mischief of any number of scornful despatches.

Another evidence of the conversion of the Cabinet from their sceptical views on colonial matters has just been afforded by the resolution to assist the New Zealanders by guaranteeing the loan which is necessary to enable them to fight their battles without the direct support of English troops. Mr. MONSELL's explanation was extremely interesting. He was evidently bidden to maintain the theoretical propriety of refusing all assistance, in accordance with the spirit of Lord GRANVILLE's despatches, and at the same time to justify the contemplated gracious departure from the severe rule of conduct which, if persisted in, would soon have brought about the dismemberment of the British Empire. Lord GRANVILLE had very properly made up his mind to do something to prove the goodwill of the Government towards New Zealand, as a set-off against the uncompromising harshness of his previous communications. The colonies had asked for a regiment in their distress, and instead of it they got a sermon, and not at all a pleasant sermon, on their duties and responsibilities. As some consolation after this unpalatable dose, it occurred to Lord GRANVILLE that the Government might send out 50,000 emigrants in place of 1,000 troops. The project was clumsy, and the precedent rather dangerous, and we do not regret that the Cabinet declined to back it. Emigration will go on quite as fast as it ought to do without official forcing, and a much greater effect will be produced by making the colonies the most attractive places for English emigrants than by paying any number of passages. Lord GRANVILLE's newly developed sense of duty to the colonies was not exhausted by this first failure, and he fell back upon the plan of guaranteeing a loan, which is perhaps of all things what the colonists most desire. Without attempting to lay down any general rule on the subject, we confess we do not see the force of the objections commonly urged against this policy. The risk in the case of any progressive colony—and all our colonies are progressive—is almost imaginary, and the value of the guarantee is very substantial. A Government which proposes

to lend indefinite sums of money to Irish peasants of less than doubtful solvency, ought not to feel much difficulty in justifying a mere guarantee to the loan of a thoroughly solvent colony. It is true there is nothing so very exceptional in the financial position of New Zealand as to excuse a flagrant departure from a really sound principle, and the real defence of the proposed guarantee is that it will confer a solid benefit on the colony without imposing any burden on this country. The only difficulty in the way was that created by former declarations on the part of the Ministry; and for the sake of maintaining a fictitious consistency of language, Mr. MONSELL was put forward to explain that the Government intended to lend the credit of the Empire to a loan of 1,000,000*l.* for the purpose of making roads, although it was decidedly of opinion that such guarantees were unsound in principle and generally injurious both to the favoured colony and the parent State. It would be difficult to find an instance in which any such guarantee has done a particle of injury to either party, while the pecuniary benefit to a colony of borrowing at $3\frac{1}{2}$ instead of 6 per cent. is tolerably obvious. But it was necessary for the maintenance of Ministerial consistency to say that their present concession was wholly indefensible, and as the effect on the money-market will not be diminished by the singular course which the Government have adopted in recommending their policy, we may congratulate the colony on the arrangement, and the Ministers on their tardy and not very intelligible recognition of principles which they still affect to condemn. The loan is not a matter of very great moment, but, coupled with the Red River arrangement, it may be accepted as a sure indication that the Cabinet have finally broken with the fatal theory of colonial independence which for a time exercised so strange a fascination over some at least of them.

SALE OF NEXT PRESENTATIONS.

TWO Bills are before Parliament—the one in the Lords introduced by the Bishop of WINCHESTER, and prohibiting sequestration of Benefices; the other in the Commons under the auspices of Mr. CROSS, directed against the sale of next Presentations. That a serious attempt is made by Churchmen of such position and influence as the authors of these two measures to remedy what is undoubtedly a scandal is only a sign, where there are many signs, that the Church when left to itself can well be trusted to reform itself. The labours of the Ritual Commission, the reform of the Lectionary, and the effort now making for a revised Version of the Bible, all have been originated *ab intra*, and it seems to be admitted that Convocation, though occasionally prosy and long-winded in its debates, has done much to vindicate its character for transacting business. These two Bills bear testimony to the same good spirit.

Mr. CROSS's Bill seems to have attracted most attention, and to this measure we shall at present confine ourselves. It meets a scandal which perhaps is greater in appearance than in reality, and its object is to do away with a reproach which has been urged with as much acerbity as sincerity. The advertisements in the Church papers—among which the *Ecclesiastical Gazette*, the official organ of the Bishops, is the most conspicuous and offensive—describing the eligible preferments on sale in the hands of various touting agents, and describing in exaggerated terms the value as mere investments of much pay and little work, are the real mischief. What evil there is in the present system these advertisements exaggerate and make prominent. Hence a sentimental grievance which the enemies of the Church are wise enough to make the most of. They pounce with not unnatural avidity on the hints about early possession, and with entire irrelevancy they inquire what St. PAUL would have thought of the sale of the cure of souls recommended by its proximity to a pack of hounds and a trout stream. Much perhaps as the Apostle would have thought of Mr. WARD BEECHER's pew auction or the business details of Mr. SPURGEON's Tabernacle, or the balance-sheet of a Nonconformist cause, profitable or not, in any English market town. Mr. CROSS's Bill only prohibits the sale of next presentations; it does not interfere with the property in advowsons. Admitting to the full the specious and plausible arguments which can be urged against the sale of next presentations—and objections can be sustained against every system of patronage in which human agents are concerned—the real question is whether after all the present practice works badly? or so badly that a substitute for it is certain to work better? What are the evils complained of? Mr. CROSS might, one would have thought, have been trusted to make the most of them; but it is a curious thing that in moving the second reading of his Bill he enlarged chiefly

on the anomaly of the present system. It was not in harmony with the fundamental notion of the Parliamentary franchise; it was exceptional and anomalous. If next presentations to rectories might be sold, why not to bishoprics? This is poor work enough; but, to do Mr. CROSS justice, he did not condescend to repeat the *ad captandum* nonsense which represents every incumbent introduced into a parish on a purchased presentation as actuated by the lowest and most sordid motives, and studying only personal ease and a profitable investment. No doubt, as Mr. HARDY said, "a man who bought a next presentation did so for a particular person, and with some particular object." *Ceteris paribus*, this is a better object than that which instigates a purchaser to attach an advowson to his estate in the prospective interests, not of A. or B., but of a younger son for ever. The mere fact that a young man is destined for holy orders certainly does not raise a necessary presumption against his fitness for a cure of souls. In the case of a younger son, to whom the family advowson falls as his natural patrimony, he hardly has any choice in the matter; and it is not to be denied that his vocation to the spiritual office is a very doubtful matter. But in the case of a next presentation, it is purchased for him, and for him personally—with his own assent, and perhaps at his earnest solicitation. This aspect of his proposed promotion to a benefice is one of the best conceivable guarantees that he will fit himself for a cure which is from first to last his own choice.

But more than this remains to be said. The allegation that a next presentation is purchased because it is a good investment for a rich father's money is an entire fallacy. A clergyman's place, whatever dignities or comforts it may produce, and whatever social advantages it may entail, as a matter of money is always a bad investment. In the first place, no clergyman can earn a penny till he is twenty-three, and twenty-four is the earliest age at which he can secure any return for the capital invested in his education, not to speak of the money sunk in a presentation. For the mere value of his time he is paid less than in any profession, especially less than in any mercantile employment. Further than this, however, is it a fact that the incumbent introduced into a parish on purchase is on the whole an undesirable or objectionable parish priest? This is a question which can only be answered by studying extant facts; and we say it unreservedly, that incumbents of this class, generally speaking, hold their own with their brethren presented to benefices under other auspices. The incumbent who is most disliked—that is, individually disliked—is a poor man. The mere fact that an incumbent comes in by purchase provided by his family establishes a presumption in his favour in the eyes of the parish. A parish wants a man who can afford to subsidize liberally schools and charities, especially in country parishes; and it is in country parishes almost exclusively that next presentations are sold. Mr. BERESFORD HOPE said with truth that lay patronage had introduced a very desirable class of men into the Church. He might have gone further, and had he said that the holders of purchased presentations were an especially desirable class of persons, it would be difficult to disprove such an assertion. The fact is, that somehow or other, in spite of lay patronage, political influence, the power of the purse, or what not, the Church of England does present a body of clergy such as no other Church has ever produced, or can produce. Some perhaps may be disposed to think that those very exceptions in our system which are the objects of popular declamation may have had their influence in producing such a clergy. Of course they are very different from priests of Apostolic days; but these are not Apostolic days, and our clerical coat must be adapted to our social cloth. The Church of CHRIST has always been in a state of transition, and, unless it can adapt itself to society as it is, it forfeits its imposing claim to be an institution for all times and for all conditions of the world. That scandal exists in the exercise of patronage there can be no doubt; that the especial scandal connected with purchased presentations is either very gross or very damaging we require proof. Take the conceivable state of things which may arise when the sale of next presentations is prohibited. In the first place, the thing will be managed somehow, an Act of Parliament notwithstanding; and if done, it is better that it should be done openly than surreptitiously. In the next place, the prohibition of the sale of next presentations will increase the sale of advowsons. It might have been very well centuries ago not to have separated advowsons from estates, but now that advowsons are not only private, but separate, properties, their separate sale must be continued; and an impecunious patron of an advowson is much more likely to

make a bad sale, that is, without the slightest regard to the interests of the parish, than the vendor of a next presentation. Further, as regards the purchaser; the purchaser of a next presentation looks at his purchase as a spiritual office, and cannot help regarding the interests of the parish, because the interests of the parish are bound up with the interests of his own particular nominee. But the purchaser of an advowson looks at his investment in its merely secular and monetary aspect; as a property which he is bound to manage so that it may produce him the best returns. If next presentations are no longer to be sold, advowsons will be thrown on the market in largely increased numbers; and the trade of the advertising agents and the consequent scandal will be proportionately enhanced.

What is at the bottom of Mr. Cross's heart is the amiable desire to make every incumbent the very fittest and most unobjectionable man for his post. He wants an ecclesiastical Utopia, and because the sale of next presentations interferes, as it undoubtedly does, with his ideal, he proposes to deal with it in the form of absolute prohibition. But he must go on with this sublime task. He must prohibit what is oddly called simony in all its subtle forms. He must get rid of preaching for preferment, soliciting for preferment, touting in Ministers' ante-rooms and in the saloons of the great for preferment. He must prohibit bishops from giving benefices to their sons and sons-in-law; he must annihilate SIMEON trusts and Crown patronage. He must so re-arrange patronage that every "active and earnest" clergyman should be sure of 500*l.* a year after ten years' service in holy orders, and that every post should be secured for the best man. As the world has, not only in ecclesiastical, but in political and all other matters, been always seeking this noble but somewhat evanescent ideal, it is no wonder perhaps that Mr. Cross, in common with other good people, still clings to the pleasant illusion that he is destined to realize it. Money, we are assured by the copy-book and Mr. Cross, is the root of all evil, and money is never so much out of place as in spiritual functions. But the days of ELIJAH and the ravens have passed away; money cannot be got rid of, and its influence even on the sanctuary is not all evil. No one denies that those special scandals by which the most aged and incapable man on the Clergy List is sometimes selected by patrons for important preferment, from the most sordid motives, are an evil which ought to be, and which might be, prevented. But to cure such an evil we are not prepared to welcome a remedy—and we doubt whether in practice it will be a remedy—so crude and violent and drastic as that prescribed by Mr. Cross.

THE ART OF RETICENCE

AMONG other classifications we may divide the world into those who live by impulse and the undirected flow of circumstance, and those who map out their lives according to art and a definite design. These last, however, are wonderfully rare, few people having capacity enough to construct any persistent plan of life or to carry it through if even they have begun one—it being so much easier to follow nature and drift with the stream, than to work by rule and square, and build up even a beaver's dam. Now, in the matter of reticence, how few people understand this as an art, and how almost entirely it is by the mere chance of temperament whether a person is confidential or reticent, with his heart on his sleeve or not to be got at by a pickaxe, irritatingly silent or contemptibly loquacious. Sometimes indeed we do find one who, like Talleyrand, has mastered the art of an eloquent reticence from alpha to omega, and knows how to conceal everything without showing that he conceals anything; but we find such a person very seldom, and we do not always understand his value when we have him. Any one not a born fool can resolve to keep silence on certain points, but it takes a master mind to be able to talk and yet not tell. Silence, indeed, self-evident and unmasked, though a safe method, is but a clumsy one, and to be tolerated only in very timid or very young people. "Le silence est le parti plus sûr pour celui qui se défie de soi-même," says Rochefoucauld; so is total abstinence for him who cannot control himself; yet we do not preach total abstinence as the best order of life for a wise and disciplined person, any more than we would put strong ancles into leg-irons, or forbid a rational man to handle a sword. Besides, silence may be as expressive, as tell-tale even, as speech, and at the best there is no art in shutting one's lips and sitting mute; though indeed too few people have got even so far as this in the art of reticence, but tell everything they know as surely as water flows through a sieve, and are safe just in proportion to their ignorance.

But there is art, the most consummate art, in appearing absolutely frank, yet never telling anything which it is not wished should be known, in being pleasantly chatty and conversational, yet never committing oneself to a statement or an opinion which might be used against one afterwards—*ars celare artem* in keeping one's own counsel as well as in other things. It is only after a long acquaintance

with this kind of person that you find out he has been substantially reticent throughout, though apparently so frank. Caught by his easy manner, his genial talk, his ready sympathy, you have confided to him not only all you have of your own, but all you have of other people's; and it is only long after, when you reflect quietly undisturbed by the magnetism of his presence, that you come to the knowledge of how reticent he has been in the midst of this seeming frankness, and how little reciprocity there has been in your confidences together. You know such people for years, and you never know really more of them at the end than you did in the beginning. You cannot lay your finger on a fact that would in any way place them in your power; and though you did not notice it at the time, and don't know how it has been done now, you feel that they have never trusted you, and have all along carefully avoided anything like confidence. But you are at their mercy by your own rashness, and if they do not destroy you it is because they are reticent for you as well as towards you; perhaps because they are good-natured, perhaps because they despise you for your very frankness too much to hurt you; but above all things not because they are unable. How you hate them when you think of the skill with which they took all that was offered to them, yet never let you see they gave back nothing for their own part—rather by the jugglery of manner made you believe that they were giving back as much as they were receiving! Perhaps it was a little ungenerous; but they had the right to argue that if you could not keep your own counsel you would not be likely to keep theirs, and it was only kind at the time to let you hoodwink yourself so that you might not be offended. In manner genial, frank, conversational, sympathetic—in substance absolutely secret, cautious, never taken off their guard, never seduced into dangerous confidences, as careful for their friends as they are for themselves, and careful even for strangers unknown to them—these people are the salvation as they are the charm of society; never making mischief, and, by their habitual reticence, raising up barriers at which gossip halts and rumour dies. No slander is ever traced to them, and what they know is as though it were not. Yet they do not make the clumsy mistake of letting you see that they are better informed than yourself on certain subjects, and know more about the current scandals of the day than they choose to reveal; on the contrary, they listen to your crude mistakes with a highly edified air, and leave you elated with the idea that you have let them behind the scenes, and told them more than they knew before. If only they had spoken, your elation would not have been very long-lived. Of all personal qualities this art of reticence is the most important and valuable for a professional man to possess. Lawyer or physician, he must be able to hold all and hear all without betraying by word or look, by injudicious defence any more than by overt treachery, by anger at a malicious accusation any more than by a smile at an egregious mistake; his business is to be reticent, not exculpatory, to maintain silence, not set up a defence nor yet proclaim the truth. To do this well requires a rare combination of good qualities, among which are tact and self-respect in about equal amount, self-command and the power of hitting that fine line which marks off reticence from deception. No man was ever thoroughly successful as either a lawyer or physician who did not possess this combination; and with it even a modest amount of technical skill can be made to go a long way.

Valuable in society, at home the reticent are so many forms of living death. Eyes have they and see not, ears and hear not, and the faculty of speech seems to have been given them in vain. They go out and they come home, and they tell you nothing of all they have seen. They have heard all sorts of news and seen no end of pleasant things, but they come down to breakfast the next morning as mute as fishes, and if you want it you must dig out your own information bit by bit by sequential, categorical questioning. Not that they are surly or ill-natured; they are only reticent. They are disastrous enough to those who are associated with them, and make the worst partners in the world in business or marriage; for you never know what is going on, or where you are, and you must be content to walk blindfold if you walk with them. They tell you nothing beyond what they are obliged, take you into no confidence, never consult you, never arrest their own action for your concurrence; and the consequence is that you live with them in the dark, if you are timid, for ever afraid of looming catastrophes, and more like a captive bound to the ear of their fortunes than like the coadjutor with a voice in the manner of the driving and the right to assist in the direction of the journey. This is the reticence of temperament, and we see it in children from quite an early age—those children who are trusted by the servants, and are their favourites in consequence, because they tell no tales; but it is a disposition that may become dangerous unless watched, and that is always liable to degenerate into falsehood. For reticence is just on the boundary of deception, and it needs but a very little step to take one over the border. Still nothing can be more foolish or more suicidal, to say nothing of its sin, than lying. No man's memory is so good as to enable him to lie with constant impunity. Some day there must come the inevitable slip, and one such slip of memory and consequent discovery will undo the careful labour of a life, and reduce the whole fabric to a heap of unsightly ruins.

That obtrusive kind of reticence which parades itself, which makes mysteries and lets you see there are mysteries, which keeps silence and flaunts it in your face as an intentional silence, brooding over things you are not worthy to know—that silence which is as loud as words is one of the most irritating things in the world,

and can be made one of the most insulting. If words are sharp arrows, this kind of dumbness is even sharper, and all the worse because it puts it out of your power to complain. You cannot bring into court a list of looks and shrugs, or make it a grievance that a man held his tongue while you raved, and to all appearance kept his temper when you lost yours. Yet all of us who have had any experience that way know that his holding his tongue was the very reason why you raved, and that if he had spoken for his own share the worst of the tempest would have been allayed. This is a common manner of tormenting, however, with reticent people who have a moral twist; and to fling stones at you from behind the shield of silence by which they have sheltered themselves is a pastime that hurts only one of the combatants. Reticence, though at times one of the greatest social virtues we possess, is also at times one of the most disastrous personal conditions. Half our modern novels turn on the misery brought about by mistaken reticence; and though novelists generally exaggerate the circumstances they deal with, they are not wrong in their facts. If the waters of strife have been let loose because of many words, there have been broken hearts before now because of none, or not sufficient. Old proverbs, to be sure, inculcate the value of reticence, and the wisdom of keeping one's own counsel. If speech is silvery, silence is golden, in popular philosophy; and the youth is ever enjoined to be like the wise man, and keep himself free from the peril of words. Yet for all that, next to truth, on which society rests, mutual knowledge is the best working virtue, and a state of reticent distrust is more prudent than noble. Many people think it a fine thing to live with their most intimate friends as if they would one day become their enemies, and never let even their deepest affections strike root so far down as confidence. They re-arrange La Bruyère's famous maxim, "*L'on peut avoir la confiance de quelqu'un sans en avoir le cœur,*" and take it quite the contrary way; but perhaps the heart which gives itself, divorced from confidence, is not worth accepting, and reticence where there is love sounds almost a contradiction in terms. Indeed, the certainty of unlimited confidences where there is love is one of the strongest of all the arguments in favour of general reticence. For in nine cases out of ten you tell your secrets and open your heart, not only to your friend, but to your friend's wife, or husband, or lover; and secondhand confidence is rarely held sacred if it can be betrayed with impunity.

By an apparent contradiction, reticent people who tell nothing are often the most charming letter-writers. Full of chit-chat, of descriptions dashed off with a warm and flowing pen, giving all the latest news well authenticated and not scandalous, and breathing just the right amount of affection according to the circumstances of the correspondents—a naturally eloquent person who has cultivated the art of reticence writes letters unequalled for charm of manner. The first impression of them is superb, enchanting, enthralling, like the bouquet of old wine; but, on reconsideration, what have they said? Absolutely nothing. This charming letter, apparently so full of matter, is an answer to a great, good, honest outpour wherein you laid bare that foolish heart of yours, and delivered up your soul for anatomical examination; and you looked for a reply based on the same lines. At first delighted, you are soon chilled and depressed by such a return, and you feel that you have made a fool of yourself, and that your correspondent is laughing in his sleeve at your insane propensity to "gush." So must it be till that good time comes when man shall have no need to defend himself against his fellows, when confidence shall not bring sorrow nor trust betrayal, and when the art of reticence shall be as obsolete as the art of fence, or the Socratic method.

THE LAST OXFORD RESOLUTIONS.

THE Congregation of the University of Oxford has accepted a resolution with regard to the School of *Littère Humaniores* which, like the resolutions which we commented on some time back with regard to the School of Law and Modern History, seems to show that another opportunity of really reforming the system of Examinations is going to be thrown away. We must again bear our testimony against this way of endless tinkering without an object, of making changes, as it would seem, from the mere love of change, of darning and patching insignificant points of detail, while for matters of real principle not a moment's attention can be gained. Here is a resolution accepted, which, we are bound to suppose, differs in some invisible way from the resolution which was rejected. But both alike agree in this. There is a semblance of reform without the reality. The Examination Statute is to be altered again for the thousandth time, but without bringing it any more than before into conformity with the great discoveries of modern science. The senseless and antiquated barriers, the meaningless distinctions, the unnatural companionships, which have been handed on from a pre-scientific age, are still to abide in full force. We feel that we are preaching in the wilderness, but we will all the same go on preaching till we are hoarse, that such reform as this is simply no reform at all, that it is better to leave things alone with their acknowledged imperfections, till Academical opinion is so far advanced that the whole system can be reconstructed on an intelligible and scientific principle.

The resolution which Congregation has accepted would have been highly creditable in the first half of the sixteenth century. In those days it would have been a step in advance; it would

have been a bold adhesion to the New Learning of those days. But, according to Lord Macaulay's parable, where the head was then the tail is now. What would have been an adhesion to the New Learning of the sixteenth century is a distinct rejection of the New Learning of the nineteenth. The words "Ancient" and "Classical" in the resolution are enough to condemn it in the eyes of scientific students, whether of history or philology or any other study. They are words which are absolutely without meaning, except the very practical meaning that all scientific reform, all real adaptation of the Examination system to the existing state of knowledge, is to be withstood.

Once more then, the study of history, of whatever age and country, is one study, to be followed out according to the same methods, and requiring the exercise of the same faculties. The study of philology, to whatever languages it is applied, is in the same sort one study. The words "Ancient" and "Classical" are simply arbitrary and mischievous barriers, artificially dividing studies which ought to be followed out as wholes. What is "Ancient History"? what is "Ancient Literature"? what is "Classical Archaeology and Art"? nay, we will go on to say, what are "the Greek and Latin languages"? No one can tell us what is meant by "ancient" history. It is of course the opposite to "modern." But what is "modern"? We have seen dates given for the beginning of "Modern History," which range from the call of Abraham to the beginning of the French Revolution. The question has been asked a thousand times; it will most likely be asked a thousand times more, and it will never get an answer, because there is no answer to be given. What is practically meant is that it is too much trouble to go thoroughly into the matter and to chalk out a scheme on any intelligible principle. To arrange the details of a School of History and a School of Philology would need a good deal of thought, a good deal of exercise of the best faculties of the strongest votaries of both subjects. It is very much easier to win the fame of zeal and reformation by endlessly tinkering at insignificant details while the root of the matter is not touched.

The objection to the School of *Littère Humaniores*, as it stands at present and as it is proposed to go on with it, is twofold. It joins together things which ought to be kept asunder, and it keeps asunder things which ought to be joined together. The mixture of subjects, History, Scholarship, and Philosophy, is handed on from the old days of the School. But their union in those days went on a principle on which it does not go now. The old doctrine was that the University did not undertake to teach a man all subjects, or to teach him the whole of any one subject. It undertook to give him a start in those three subjects which it looked on as the most important. He learned enough of all three to form a groundwork for the future more perfect study of any one. And the collateral knowledge which he had gained of the other two was not thrown away. Say that a man wished to devote himself to history. He had an excellent groundwork laid in the study of a typical period, and in mastery of the text of some of the earliest and greatest historians. And the time which he gave to the contemporary philosophers and poets was anything but thrown away, as they served in many ways to illustrate the history. This was the use that a man made, or could make, of the old School. As long as the whole range was confined to subjects studied in Greek and Latin writers, there was no palpable absurdity in thus yoking the different subjects together. It would probably be in the course of his combined work at all three that a man would find out which of the three it was that was fitted to be the main subject of his after-studies. But when alternative subjects, "*Littère Humaniores*," "Law and Modern History," "Natural Science," &c. are offered, it is implied that a man has chosen his subject already; it is implied that the subjects which are separated and brought together in the different schools are separated and brought together according to some intelligible principle. The union of philosophy, history, and scholarship, which was defensible on the old system, now becomes utterly indefensible. The old system did not rule that one portion of history ought to be studied in connexion with metaphysics, but not in connexion with another portion of history. Whatever history was taught was taught in its one school. But the present system rules that two parts of a study which are absolutely one are to be cut asunder from one another and each to be unnaturally yoked with other studies. History is cleft asunder; two parts of it which stand in the closest connexion with each other, and between which no intelligible line can be drawn, are parted poles asunder, and each is yoked to subjects with which, according to the present system, it has no natural connexion. Instead of uniting the two in one continuous study of history, they are put in distinct schools, one being unnaturally bound to philosophy and the other to purely technical law. On this last head, the right and the wrong union between Law and History, we spoke in a former article. Now surely philosophy is a subject important enough and dignified enough to stand by itself; it is not treating it as it deserves to thrust it in confusedly with two other subjects with which now it has no special connexion. It is ludicrous to tell the student of history who has mastered the early days of the Empire in Tacitus that he is not to carry on his own subject any further, but that he must turn about and get up the Unconditioned instead. To study Thucydides and to study Lambert is the same process, but to study either of them and to study metaphysics are two different processes.

Then as to Philology; it is to take in "the History of Ancient Literature," "Comparative Philology as illustrating the Greek and Latin languages," "Classical Archaeology and Art." What is

"Ancient Literature"? What is "Classical Archæology and Art"? We ask for a definition; we know that we shall never get it, but we ask for it all the same. A school of Philology would be a noble institution; but what is to be made of Comparative Philology as applied to two languages only? How can it be applied to those two languages only? Are the unfortunate students of this school to go on endlessly comparing Greek and Latin with one another, but never venturing to compare either with Sanscrit or Teutonic? And if other languages are to come in, why not bring them in boldly, and have a real philological school in which the various kindred tongues shall take their equal places side by side? Have Oxford statute-makers still to learn that the real value, the real historical value, of the Latin language is, not because Cicero and Virgil wrote in it, but because it has been the Imperial speech, the tongue of Cæsars and of Pontiffs, ever since. If Greek and Latin were "dead" languages, they might be passed by along with Scythic and Alarodian. It is because they are not dead languages but living, because they are tongues that have influenced the world ever since, that they deserve to be studied still. But they can be properly studied only in connexion with the other kindred tongues; they can be properly studied only by recognising that they do not stand by themselves, but are simply members of one great family, to be studied in their due relations to the other members. And this recognition is just what the proposed scheme of studies refuses.

Then as to "Classical Archæology and Art"—where does it begin, where does it end? What is "classical"? Again we ask for the definition which we shall not get, but we still ask for form's sake. Take, for instance, art. The history of architecture, from its first Greek beginnings onwards, is as much a whole as the study of language or of politics. The tall pillars and soaring vaults of Westminster are connected by a clear lineal descent with the massive arcades of the Flavian Amphitheatre and the flat entablatures of the Parthenon. Where is the line to be drawn? Is the palace of Diocletian, the first consistent Roman building, "classical" or "non-classical"? If the works of Iktinos are worth studying as part of the history of man, it must be worth while to carry on the study in the works of Anthemios, William of Sens, and Sir Reginald Bray. But if a man wishes to take up Grecian architecture, he will have to take it up alongside of Objectivity and Subjectivity; if he wish to take up English architecture, he will either find no place to take it up at all, or he may possibly have to take it up along with "liber taurus" and "dower de la plus belle."

Now, if all this were simply to go on, to drag on a condemned life till a convenient time could be found for beginning something better, the thing might be borne. But here is a new era beginning, here is a change, a reform, the starting of a new period of enlightenment, and the form that it takes is that all the old mistakes, all the old bondage, all the old meaningless distinctions, are to be again, formally and solemnly, tied about our necks. While real scholars in various branches of learning are striving to put the various branches of learning in their due relations to one another, the University is again called upon to affirm all the old wives' fables which were beginning to give way; it is called upon to rule that "Ancient" subjects and "Modern" subjects are things inherently different, that the study of the politics and the tongue of Greece is a study cognate with the study of the Absolute and the Unconditioned, and is not a study cognate with the politics and the tongue of England. That is to say, the University is called on to affirm that the charges brought against it by Mr. Lowe and others were true charges. It is called on to plead guilty to pursuing studies which are of no practical value, which have no living connexion with present pursuits and present affairs. We have always defended Greek and Latin studies because they are living studies, studies which cannot be separated from the present life of England, or France, or Germany. The University is called on to pronounce them to be as dead as the Scyths or the Chaldeans. That such a scheme as the present can be proposed and can be approved by majorities in Congregation shows that the day for a real reform has not yet come. We can only hope that, like so many abortive schemes of Examination Statutes, it may find its way into the waste-paper basket of the Registrar about to be chosen.

THE INFALLIBILIST DEFINITION.

THE *ipsissima verba* of the proposed definition of Papal Infallibility are now before us. It has certainly the one merit of being sufficiently explicit. All who consent to submit to it will do so with their eyes open. And we can hardly doubt that it will, if pressed on to the bitter end, have the effect predicted by the *Allgemeine Zeitung* on introducing the document to its readers, of "dividing the Episcopate of the Catholic Church into two irreconcilably hostile camps." That the recalcitrant party will not lack abundant and forcible pretexts for rejecting the authority of the Council which has been summoned principally for the purpose of stereotyping this momentous addition to the traditional faith of Catholicism, was evidenced by the remarkable letter of a French bishop inserted in these columns a fortnight ago, and will be still more clearly shown by another somewhat similar document, ascribed to "a very distinguished French prelate," which has been going the round of the foreign papers, and has created a great sensation on the Continent. We will refer to it again presently. Meanwhile it is worth while to examine briefly the four chapters

of the *Constitutio Dogmatica prima de Ecclesiâ Christi*, which is at present undergoing discussion in the Council, and which is designed to guard "the divinely-laid foundation [of the Papacy] on which depends the strength and safety of the Church." The first chapter treats of "the institution of the Apostolic Primacy in the person of Blessed Peter"; the second, of its "perpetuity in the Roman Pontiffs"; the third, of "the force and meaning of the Primacy"; and the fourth, of "the infallibility of the Roman Pontiff." The doctrine taught under each head is of course protected by a "canon" anathematizing all who impugn it.

The first two chapters are moderate in comparison with those which follow, and, if merely judged from their titles, would not seem to go beyond the general belief of Roman Catholics on the subject. But even here the cloven foot comes to view on a little closer inspection. The very opening words of Cap. I. which declare "a Christo Domino *primum jurisdictionis in universam Dei Ecclesiam immediate et directè beato Petro promissum atque collatum fuisse*" are a startling innovation on earlier language about the Primacy. Eugenius IV. was content to condemn Wicliffe for denying the primacy of Rome "super alias Ecclesias particulares," or "in Ecclesiâ [not Ecclesiam] Dei," and this is not the first time in Church history that momentous issues have hinged on the change of a letter. A primacy in the Church is a very different thing in theory, and still more in practice, from a primacy over it; and one theoretical difference is brought to light by the concluding words of this very chapter, which condemn an opinion, maintained before now by many Catholic divines, that the primacy was bestowed, "not directly and immediately on Peter, but on the Church, and on him through the Church and as her minister." "The perpetuity of the Primacy in the Roman Pontiffs," again, sounds innocent enough in the heading of the second *Capitulum*. But a clause is slipped into the body of the chapter tying it down rigidly to those who occupy the See of Rome, whereas many Catholic divines have thought it quite open to the Church to transfer it to any other See. The late Father Pagani, General of the Order of Charity, for instance, in his book on the End of the World, intimates that it may hereafter be transferred to Jerusalem. But it is in the third chapter, which explains in detail the jurisdiction of the Roman Primacy, that the innovating and centralizing spirit of its Jesuit compilers, and their method of riding rough-shod over historical testimony, become most conspicuous. First we have the famous—or, as some would say, infamous—definition of the Papal Synod of Florence quoted at length, of course in the garbled form which it invariably assumes in Roman textbooks. Of course also no hint is given of the crooked means by which the definition was elicited, the unscrupulous tampering which it has since been subjected to, or the notorious fact that the Florentine Council was never received in France, as the Cardinal of Guise openly testified, without a whisper of contradiction, at the Council of Trent. But even the Florentine decree, with all its garbling and interpolations, is quite inadequate for the present purpose. Four new clauses are subjoined, which extend the jurisdiction of Rome as "ordinary and immediate"—in the teeth of all historical evidence—over the whole Church, and any denial of this is expressly anathematized. This was the very point at issue in the correspondence which took place some years ago between the Pope and the present Archbishop of Paris, who denied, and successfully resisted, the "immediate and ordinary jurisdiction" which Pius IX. tried to exercise in his diocese. Cardinal de Luca had indeed said, in a work already published, that "the received opinion in this Court" (of Rome) is that the Pope is *ordinarius ordinarius, habens universum mundum pro diocesi*, or in other words is *in totâ Ecclesiâ proprius sacerdos*, the other bishops being merely his *officiales*; but it is the first time that this monstrous assertion, which virtually reduces all bishops to mere creatures of the Vatican, has been foisted into anything professing to be an article of faith, or the consent of a professedly Ecumenical Council demanded for it. That any bishops who are prepared to accept it should be equally ready, if called upon, to acquiesce in the assertion of Papal infallibility, or indeed Papal omniscience and omnipotence for that matter, "understands itself," as the Germans say; they could have no voice or choice in the matter, and must do what they are told, like obedient children. "This," we are however assured, "is the doctrine of Catholic truth, from which none can depart without loss of faith." Nor is this all. The chapter concludes with a further definition, which is a direct and implicit, not to say verbal, contradiction to the infallible decree of the Council of Constance. The Pope is "the supreme judge of the faithful in all ecclesiastical causes, from whose judgment there is no appeal"; and therefore—the sting is in the tail—"they err from the orthodox path of truth who affirm that it is lawful to appeal from the sentences of Roman Pontiffs to an Ecumenical Council, as though it were a superior authority to theirs." But the Council of Constance expressly defined that it was a superior authority. It expressly declared that "every lawfully convoked Ecumenical Council, representing the Church, derives its authority immediately from Christ, and every one, the Pope included, is subject to it in matters of faith, in the healing of schism, and the reformation of the Church." This decree was passed without a single dissentient voice, and was confirmed, in common with all other decrees of the Council passed in full Session, by Pope Martin V. It was solemnly re-affirmed at the Council of Basle, with the express sanction of Eugenius IV. If an opposite decision is to be solemnly promulgated by the Council of the Vatican, the question must inevitably arise, which of the two contradictory infallibilities is to be accepted; or is it part of the

Catholic faith to believe that two and two make four, and also that two and two make five? Perhaps Father Piccirillo, the Pope's inspiring genius, who cannot fall far short of being infallible himself, will be able to tell us.

The most important chapter, that on Papal infallibility, still remains to be noticed. Pius IX. made an allocution the other day, according to the *Univers*, in which he said that the Church does not create new doctrines, but only affirms and throws fresh light on doctrines held from the beginning. And accordingly the definition of Papal infallibility professes only to repeat what "*hec Sancta Sedes semper tenuit, perpetuus Ecclesie usus comprobatur, ipsaque Œcumenica Concilia tradiderunt.*" Brave words, no doubt, but to those who have some slight acquaintance with ecclesiastical history, verging, to say the least, on the audacious. Next comes the still more startling assertion—made already in the Infallibilist Petition—that this infallibility "is proved by facts," seeing that "in the Apostolic See the Catholic religion and holy doctrine has *always* been preserved immaculate," though Pope Leo II. assured the Emperor Constantine that his predecessor Honorius "permitted this Apostolic Church to be defiled in its purity by his profane treachery," and one of the oaths in the *Liber Diurnus* taken for many centuries by every Pope at his coronation condemns Honorius as "defiling the immaculate Church of God by his heretical doctrine." And three Œcumenical Councils in succession condemned Honorius for heresy. Again we are compelled to ask which Councils and Popes are infallible, or does infallibility extend to the infallible sanction of contradictions? Then follows an alleged decree of the Second Council of Lyons, of which it is enough to observe here that, as no distinction is drawn in the Decretals between the decrees published by Gregory at the Synod and those published after it, it is quite impossible to say which of the thirty-one articles contained there were promulgated during its Session. As all the decrees were published in the name of the Pope, without the Council being even asked to assent to them, it does not perhaps make much difference either way. After the so-called decree of Lyons, we have the Florentine definition quoted again—the last clause being this time omitted altogether—and then comes the actual definition. As we said before, it has the merit of being on the whole sufficiently explicit. "We teach and declare it to be a dogma of faith, that the Roman Pontiff, through the Divine assistance promised him, *cannot err*, when, in the discharge of his office of supreme teacher of all Christians, and by Apostolic authority, he defines what it is *de fide* for the universal Church to hold or to reject in questions of faith and morals, and that his decrees or judgments are *per se* irrefragable, and must be received and believed by every Christian, with the full obedience of faith, as soon as they come to his knowledge." It is added that this infallibility is identical with that of the Church, and extends to the same subject-matter. In other words, for all teaching purposes the Pope is the Church, as the Jesuits have long maintained. No doubt much room would still be left for the ingenuity of rival theologians in disputing whether in this or that particular case the Pope is "discharging his supreme office," and "defining by Apostolic authority." It is not explained, for instance, whether his decrees must necessarily be addressed to the whole Church or not, to be infallible, or whether they must necessarily be guarded by anathemas. This is probably done on purpose to leave a convenient loophole for escaping awkward difficulties both of theory and practice. Still, if once the decree is passed, it will be found quite comprehensive enough for the purpose aimed at, and a whole host of earlier Papal pronouncements, ending with the *Syllabus*, will be at once invested, beyond possibility of dispute, with an infallible and "irrefragable" authority. The question is whether the Catholic Episcopate, and still more the Catholic public, will submit to it. That they will not do so, without at least very considerable exceptions, we have had abundant evidence already. A fresh and striking confirmation of the fact has come to light during the last few days.

The letter of an eminent French prelate to which we referred just now, and which originally appeared in the *Journal des Débats*, is even more deserving of attention than the somewhat similar missive from one of his episcopal brethren previously published. He begins with two pregnant observations on "Gallicanism" which may be commended to Dr. Manning's notice. Gallicanism, he remarks, is not a doctrine nor even an opinion, but simply the denial of pretensions first put forward in the eleventh century (by Hildebrand) and a resistance to them based on the constant and ancient traditions of the Church. Ultramontanism, on the other hand, is a doctrine and opinion subsequently grafted on the ancient stem, and which has put forth shoots of positive belief. "Muzzled at Florence and rejected at Trent, it is raging again at the Vatican Council." And secondly, Gallicanism is a misnomer. It is a veto belonging not to one Catholic nation only, but to all. Spain formerly maintained it, and St. Francis of Sales put it forward in the name of the House of Savoy, and in our day we have found it weak in France in comparison with its vitality in Hungary, Portugal, America, and the far East. And then the Bishop goes on to speak of the "radical absence" of freedom at the Council:—

An influential minority, representing the faith of one hundred million Catholics—that is, of half the entire Church—is crushed under the yoke of restrictive regulations for the order of business opposed to all conciliar traditions, and by the action of Commissions which we have not really elected, and which take upon them to insert in the text which has been discussed fresh paragraphs that have not been discussed; by a Commission for interpellations appointed over our heads; by the entire want of discussion, repel-

objection, or interpellation; by journals which are encouraged to hunt down the minority, and stir up their diocesan clergy against them; by the nuncios who egg on the journals, if they do not manage to turn everything upside down, and try to rouse the priests, as witnesses of faith, against their bishops, and to turn those judges of faith into mere delegates of the clergy of the second order, compelled to fulfil their commission, and severely blamed if they neglect to do so. Above all is the minority crushed by the weight of the supreme authority (of the Pope) which presses upon it with panegyrics and encouragements (of infallibilists), by Briefs addressed to priests, and all sorts of public utterances, such as the letter to Dom Guéranger, the speech against Count Montalembert, &c.

Neither is the majority free; for it is made up by a large addition of prelates who cannot be witnesses of the faith of Churches newly organized or in decay. This additional force, consisting of an immense number of Vicars Apostolic, and the greatly disproportionate number of Italian bishops and those of the Roman States, is not free. It is a thoroughly formed, mustered, indoctrinated, organized, and disciplined army, threatened with starvation or half-pay if it makes a false step; and they have even gone so far as to give money to draw back some deserters. It is clear, then, that there is no freedom. And the final conclusion from this is, that there is no real or plausible ecumenicity. . . . We had an example of this at the *Latrocinium* of Ephesus, but that did not prevent a true Council of Ephesus being assembled afterwards. So we may now have a *Ludibrium Vaticanum*, but that need not hinder us making all good in new and serious Sessions afterwards. You can disseminate these remarks, for I believe that our chief help at present must come from without.

Thus a second witness comes forward from the bosom of the Council to deny its ecumenical character and its authority. We shall probably soon have many more. Another petition has been presented, with the usual result of course, against bringing on the infallibility question, signed by about thirty English-speaking prelates, mostly American; but the names of Archbishop Errington and Bishop Clifford, and the Irish Bishops Leahy and Moriarty, are included among the signatories.

THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.

ONE of Mr. Tennyson's characters exclaims, in a fine fit of national enthusiasm, "God bless the narrow seas!" According to Sir W. Galloway—and we have strong reasons for agreeing in his view of the matter—the prayers put up in regard to those seas by people who are practically cultivating their acquaintance are of a very different character. If the petitions in question had been literally fulfilled, the Channel would have long ago been dried up, and various important consequences would have followed. The question whether they would on the whole have been good or bad may be left to those ingenious persons who rejoice in discussing might-have-beens. If there had been no Channel, we may say, with a little more confidence than we feel in most cases where the well-worn formula is applied, the whole course of history would have been different; we should not have been we, but somebody else; the British Constitution would never have been developed; our insular peculiarities would have been merged in the main current of European civilization; Mr. Matthew Arnold, if Mr. Matthew Arnold had existed, would have been driven to find some fresh faults with his countrymen; and, to descend from these heights of philosophical speculation, a far smaller number of people would have been afflicted with sea-sickness. We have heard with feelings of sincere envy that in the planet Mars the arrangements of sea and land are reversed; instead of being cut up into islands by the circumambient ocean, the land is a continuous area, with lakes interspersed at intervals. If that be true, we should hope that the inhabitants of Mars have had the good sense never to trust themselves in boats. They do not require those fortifications of oak and triple brass which were a necessary preliminary to the colonization of England. The sea, we have long been convinced, must be regarded as on the whole a mistake. Philosophers may of course find out that it has its uses, like other disagreeable objects, and poets and painters manage to grow eloquent about its beauties. But any one who has been condemned to a long sea voyage, and whose natural sentiments as a terrestrial biped have not been depraved by early associations, will admit that it is on the whole ugly, monotonous, and uncomfortable as a permanent place of residence. Man indeed has so accommodating a constitution that a few days at sea will reconcile him to his fate, and lead him to speak tolerantly of those "prisons with a chance of drowning" generally known as ships. But the sentiments we have ventured to express will at least meet with an echo from an immense majority of the wretched beings who at any given time are about equidistant from Dover and Calais. The efforts of novelists and caricaturists have failed ever to give an adequate description of the horrors of that middle passage. Let the humane observer fancy himself during a continuance of equinoctial gales at either terminus of the voyage. Let him suppose that a day or two, during which all fainthearted passengers have declined to tempt the dangers of the deep, has resulted in the accumulation of two or three boat-loads of passengers, and that a temporary lull has encouraged them to rush on board, and fill decks and cabins to overflowing. As they leave shelter, they find that, if they have no longer the dignity of danger, the discomfort is pretty nearly at its maximum. On such occasions the deck is paved with human bodies, writhing in every attitude significant of hopeless suffering. The lee bulwarks present a row of yellow faces gazing into the tossing waters; behind is a crowd of more wretched competitors for vacant places; around them are grovelling forms which have long ceased to preserve the faintest regard for appearances; and below there are gloomy regions, whose secrets none can bear to reveal who have had the misery to undergo them. The contrast between the jaunty crowd

of pleasure-seekers who carelessly entered that place of torment and the haggard wretches in whom hope seems to be extinct and firm ground is as the dream of a remote past, would be heart-rending were it not that some cruel freak of fortune has cast over the whole subject a conventional air of ridicule; for it is the last and most vexatious drop in the cup of bitterness presented in those dread hours to the sufferer's lips that he knows that he is food for the mockers, and that some insolent vachtsman or other fiend in human shape is probably gloating over his misery, and, it may be, heartlessly indulging himself with a cigar. Why it is that genuine agony should be considered as a joke simply because it is transitory, or that a man should arrogate to himself a certain sense of moral superiority because his stomach is less refractory than those of his neighbours, is a difficult and delicate question. We can only express our conviction that many persons are sea-sick who deserve our serious commiseration, and that their sufferings, if generally temporary, are severe.

To this we have only to add that the scene of horror which we have feebly attempted to depict occurs very frequently throughout the year, and is an ordinary incident of the passage between the two chief towns of the world. London and Paris are divided, as we are told in frequent advertisements, by a distance of ten and a-half hours. It would be more accurate to say that the distance is eight hours, *plus* an interval which, if expressed in terms of the misery endured instead of the vulgar computation by timepieces, may be reckoned to fill an appreciable part of one's life. The memory of many pleasant Continental trips has faded from our minds; there are Swiss mountains, and French cities, and Italian picture-galleries which have grown faint in the distance; but we can never forget the agony of certain moments when we were glad that no escape could be purchased by renouncing our religion or betraying the interests of our country. This unexaggerated statement will sufficiently justify a demand for the abolition of the Channel; it is a nuisance which is in urgent need of abatement; it is intolerable that such a distressing interruption should be permitted to occur on one of the most frequented lines of travel in Europe, and between two nations which are ready enough to boast of their engineering and nautical skill. Moreover the remedy seems to be as simple as it is desirable. We need not inquire into the feasibility of making a tunnel, or rather of making it at such an expense as could be reasonably encountered for the purpose. But it is obvious that this Channel which bullies us so incessantly that, according to Captain Tyler, it has only 90 fine days in the year, as compared with 29 "stormy" and 102 "characterized by good round seas and breezes," is after all a very contemptible bully. The "good round seas" are sufficient to toss about the little cockleshells in which we please to cross the Channel, and of course to give to them that peculiar short and pitching movement which is best calculated to disturb the equilibrium of the human inside. If we made voyages in a washing-tub we might be sea-sick on the *Serpentine*; but it would not require any very surprising specimen of naval architecture to rule the deep very effectually in this part of the world. If the Channel divided two American States instead of two great nations, we have little doubt that means would long ago have been provided for grappling with the difficulty. It appears, indeed, that so far as we are concerned there is no reason why an improved state of things should not be put in operation to-morrow. The breakwater at Dover is capable of sheltering vessels deep enough and long enough for all practical purposes. If corresponding accommodation were provided on the French side, nothing would be wanting. And we are glad to hear from Mr. Lefevre that some kind of project is vibrating in a more or less tangible condition between two or three different Commissions and departments of the French Government. Whether the necessary harbours are to be provided at Calais or Boulogne, or at some intermediate point, is a matter with which we have little concern, and with which the French authorities are perfectly competent to deal. We only hope that the matter will be kept before them, and that before long they will be prepared to permit some of the capitalists who, as Mr. Lefevre tells us, are ready to back all manner of schemes, to provide satisfactory means of landing.

The only difficulty, indeed, which Sir W. Gallwey noticed was one which we should scarcely have remarked if he had not gone out of his way to refute it. He entered into an argument to prove that each nation should be at liberty to express its opinions concerning the deficiencies of its neighbour's ports without fear of giving offence. Certainly we cannot imagine that the most susceptible Frenchman can be annoyed at our pointing out that there is an awkward sandbar in front of Calais harbour. The French did not make it, and are not responsible for it; and we should no more offend them by asserting a geographical fact than by declaring our opinion as to the correct latitude of Paris. Indeed, we see no particular harm in venturing upon a bolder statement. We have the courage to avow that ships of 400 feet long and adequate draught of water cannot get into Calais or Boulogne harbours, and, if the patriotic sentiments of our neighbours are at all wounded by the remark, we will promise to allow them to publish any facts which they can discover as to the peculiarities of English harbours and even of English custom-houses. If, by proclaiming their experiences on this side of the water as loudly and vigorously as they can, they will help us to obtain any improvement, we shall only be too grateful for their assistance. By all means let them even compare London with Paris, and, if they please, speak disrespectfully of the Thames, and declare that fogs are occasionally to be encountered upon its banks. Meanwhile

we admit that there is some force in the main consideration upon which Sir W. Gallwey relies. England, he tells us, is still to the Frenchman a land of a hundred religions and only one sauce, and that melted butter. How many of our religions may have some such unctuous ingredient does not appear; but at any rate we admit that a Frenchman has not so many motives for coming to England as an Englishman has for taking the main route to the Continent. The fact is a sufficient reason for our endeavouring to diminish the horrors which our neighbours have to encounter in paying us a visit, and a sufficient justification to us for crying out rather louder than they may be inclined to do. If the Channel is to continue to be a scene of undiluted misery, we, who are condemned to be comparatively insular, suffer more than those whom it merely divides from an eccentric and rather disagreeable island. It is the prisoner, and not the outside world, who has most interest in throwing open the doors by which he is confined; and we hope that we may in one way or other raise so audible a cry of distress that the French Government may permit us without much more delay to provide more effectual means for a peaceful invasion. Some of us may perhaps live to see the time when a railway carriage may receive us at Charing Cross and land us without change at the Paris station of the Northern Railway of France; but within a much more limited period we may hope to see the time when a dyspeptic gentleman or a delicate lady may cross from one side to the other without looking forward for days to a sense of wretchedness, and having their holiday poisoned by the prospect of its repetition on their return.

SUPERVISION OF CONTAGIOUS DISEASES.

A MEETING, more important than it would have been if held publicly, took place a week or two ago at Mr. Mitford's house in Cavendish Square, in relation to the existing controversy on the Contagious Diseases Acts. The proceedings are not fully reported, nor is it desirable that they should be; but the fact of the meeting, and the character of those who took part in it and supported it, are of the highest influence. It may be summarily stated that the medical profession, as represented by its highest authorities, is at one on the question. Sir William Jenner and Sir Thomas Watson, Dr. Quain and Dr. Chambers, Mr. Caesar Hawkins, and Mr. Paget and Mr. Skey, the Presidents and ex-Presidents of the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons, may well be considered to have settled at least the medical side of the question when they take one view and Dr. Chapman takes another. Mr. Percy Wyndham, in the course of the discussion, characterized only too mildly with the tepid epithet of "heedless" the statement that the leading medical men are opposed to these Acts. We should say that such a statement, when not dishonest, is at least ignorant. The value of this meeting is, however, that it clears the ground. At the present moment it is not to be concealed that the advocates of the Acts now in force have enough to do to hold their own. An opposition to them, unscrupulous, reckless, and, we trust, in most cases ignorant, has been set to work. Timid people and soft-minded people have been terrorized, a cry has been raised, sham religious sentiment and false morality have been invoked, spurious modesty has been appealed to, and sentiment and sensation are now in full swing. Parliament men have their seats threatened because the State by its flagitious legislation is compelling prostitutes to look to their health and the health of the community, and we are denounced as blasphemous and irreligious because we dare to attempt to limit the ravages of a disease which it is assumed that the God of all mercy has purposely intended should be kept rampant as a deterrent from incontinence. Such being the actual state of the controversy—a sad and humiliating one when every night women and feminine-minded religious professors petition Parliament on a subject about which they can, it is to be charitably hoped, know nothing whatever—the medical profession, in the persons of its highest practitioners, is doing good service when, as the Cavendish Square meeting showed, they give the signal to take in sail while such a popular white squall is blowing. The Committee has come to the conclusion that it is not desirable to recommend any further extension of the Acts to the civil population until the public mind has been disabused of its prejudice on the subject, the result of misapprehension and ignorance. To correct that misapprehension and to dispel that ignorance is quite enough work for the present; and to hold our own and to maintain the present Acts, in the face of the storm of female shrieking which demands their repeal, will be a sufficient immediate success. Those who are convinced of the propriety of the recent legislation can trust that such legislation will be tested by its fruits.

Nor is it to be concealed that the cause which we advocate has perhaps been to some little extent damaged by indiscreet advocates. A moderate and temperate article in the recognised medical organ, the *British and Foreign Medico-Chirurgical Review*, for January—and we should like to mention this paper with especial commendation—comments, not without regret, on the indiscreet and voluble language as to the extent and dangers of infection adopted by an advocate of the Acts in the *Westminster Review* for July 1869. Never was there a subject which required a more delicate touch or a finer discrimination, not only in the *dicenda* and *tacenda*, but in the *molliora tempora* of speaking. The *Westminster Reviewer* meant well, but his zeal was certainly not tempered with discretion. Medical authorities assure us that this unlucky paper went beyond the extreme verge of what at any rate has been proved and accepted by medical science, in

exaggerating the possible consequences of transmitted disease. Sensational writing, in whatever direction, never answers; and on this subject non-professional writers are especially liable to be misled by their feelings. And this applies nearly as much to some of the advocates as to all of the opponents of sanitary supervision of syphilis. The Association for the extension of the Acts consists, we believe, largely of non-professional members, of public men, clergymen, and others, who, from the highest motives, have been content to brave public opinion, or at least to face a considerable amount of obloquy and misrepresentation. Such persons are especially liable to be misled by overstatements and misstatements, just as the opponents of the Acts are liable to be misled by crass ignorance; the one side from knowing something, but not quite enough, of the medical argument, the other side from knowing nothing about it at all. Here, as in other matters, a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, and public opinion must even yet be fed with milk before it is subjected to the regimen of such very strong meat, on the dangers of the situation, as the *Westminster Review* forced down its throat. It is time enough to talk about extending the present Acts to the civil population when we have proved their efficiency in the garrison stations and great naval towns. We make no complaint of the arguments which have been used—which we have used ourselves, and which we are quite ready to use again—now that the question has been traversed on its general, moral and religious, and social bearings. But we may regret that it has, while in a tentative and unripe state, been forced into undue prominence. We are quite ready to meet the opponents of the Acts on every issue. We deny that the unchecked spread of contagion is, in fact, a deterrent from incontinence, and we equally insist that even if there be a risk that interference with contagious disease should increase the dangers to male chastity, we should not be asked on that account to relax any efforts to lessen the fixed quantity of human suffering. Again, we argue, and intend to argue as often as we are forced into the subject, that the civil liberty of prostitutes, like that of any other persons who ply any other especially and exceptionally hazardous and dangerous trade, must be circumscribed in the interests of public safety. We do not commit ourselves to the larger proposition that in every case of contagious disease the State is bound to suspend the safeguards and limitations of personal liberty. We do not even say that as regards this particular disease authority must step in and prevent, or try to prevent, in every case, the extension of contagion. We only insist that there are certain and ascertainable limits within which supervision may be exercised, and ought to be exercised, and that even beyond these limits we may look forward some day, and under some other conditions, to the extension of interference. In other words, as regards the political question, we maintain that a state of things has arisen in which the State is bound in the interests of public safety to attempt something—we do not say how much—in protecting public interests, even at the expense of private rights to do personal wrongs.

As regards the social question, relying on statistics and medical testimony, we say that, as a matter of fact, progress has been made, and the Acts in operation have done good. At Plymouth and Devonport and Windsor this is proved. Not only has disease been less severe, but there has been less of it. At Plymouth, for example, the ratio of cases has been reduced from 129 per 1,000 men in 1864, before the Acts, to 49 per 1,000 in 1867, under the Acts, even before they had been improved by the amendments and modifications of 1869. And though, with the very cautious writer in the *Medico-Chirurgical Review*, from whom we borrow this piece of statistics, we might perhaps hesitate—which we are scarcely disposed to do—to say that the present results are decisive, we at least insist strongly that the results are not only highly encouraging, but that they are such as imperatively require the maintenance in their integrity of the present Acts. This is enough. Sufficient for the day is its good as well as its evil. The Cavendish Square meeting, though convened, as we understand, in the interests of the Association for extension, was well advised at present to confine itself to the defensive. The day will come for further aggression, but it has not yet come. The subject has not yet been tested in all its remoter and more difficult aspects. What has been done is this; that among soldiers and sailors the intensity of the disease has been abated, and even the number of *femmes publiques* reduced, while the decency and health of those who remain have been improved. These are simple facts, incontestable facts. With these results we may at present remain contented. The existing Acts are upon a trial which they have hitherto stood well, and the more they are tested the better they will stand the test of experience. Already they have been improved and modified, corrected and revised by working. We are finding out how to work supervision. The districts subjected to supervision have been, we find, enlarged. Experiment and amendment are doing their work; but experiment and amendment are a matter of time. We may look forward, and that at no very great distance, to include in the area of compulsory supervision all the military and naval stations in the kingdom. Public opinion has been so materially influenced by the progress of the question during the last five or six years that it would be contrary to all experience that it should not advance in its present direction. The Association for the extension of the Acts has done wisely in confining its immediate exertions to their maintenance.

We cannot quit the subject without asking attention to the

Report of this Association, which has just been published (Baillière). By way of summary of the answers to the objections urged by the Ladies' Association and the petitioners to Parliament, the Report is a complete manual; but its especial value is in the detailed refutation of the alleged cases of cruelty and wrongful accusation of modest women which have been paraded by popular writers and talkers. One of the worst of these cases, which, upon investigation, was found not to have a word of truth in it, was floated under the respectable authority of Mr. Francis Newman. The Report contains proofs that the Act has succeeded in these particulars; viz. in the diminution of the severity of the disease in those towns where it is in operation, in the diminution of the numbers of abandoned women and their improved character as well as health, in the diminution of public solicitation in the streets, and in the actual reclamation of the fallen. The Report further refutes the misstatements about the interference of the police, by showing that a magistrate's order is necessary to compel submission to supervision, and it points out that any woman who objects to sanitary regulation has a very easy remedy in her hands by leaving the place in which she plies her trade. The allegation that the Act is introducing the French system of licensing houses and women of ill-fame is met by showing that in England there is no license and no certificate of health. With some point, and almost an approach to humour, the Report daily remarks "that it is somewhat inconsistent to argue against restrictive measures on the ground that vice is thereby rendered 'easy and safe'; and to argue at the same time that wherever such measures have been adopted, disease has been increased rather than diminished." And the Association challenges the opposing ladies with this irresistible argument. The opponents say that they denounce the Act in the interests of their sons; but they should remember that they have daughters as well as sons—daughters who at any time may be the innocent victims of an unsuspected contagion. And summarily, and with a pardonable bitterness, they say plainly, that if syphilis is a salutary deterrent influence we ought, as moralists, rather to foster than prevent it. It may be just worth while to put on record the alternative proposal of Dr. Drysdale, which he has openly broached, and which consists in early marriages and in extending into England that "facility of divorce which has worked admirably in Indiana." We do not happen to know much about the morality of Indiana, but we do remember that it was in that State that the divorce was granted of which the result was the homicide of Mrs. McFarland's paramour—or second husband—by her lawful husband.

THE POLICE.

WE have purposely abstained hitherto from swelling the clamour of complaint by which the Metropolitan Police has for some time been assailed. Our reticence is due to a sense of justice, and a recognition of the difficulties by which the force is necessarily beset. The organization and management of any police are always difficult matters, and in London these difficulties are increased by special circumstances. The beats, it is said, are numerous, long, and laborious. Their area yearly increases. The space traversed is disproportioned to the number of the constables who occupy it. The multiplication of new callings, it is urged, makes it less easy every year to secure the services of the best men. Then the absence of a pension removes the greatest inducement to possible recruits. All these circumstances tend to mitigate the harshness of a criticism which would otherwise be as severe as it would be general. On the other hand, silence and long suffering cease to be excusable when the inefficiency of the force is due to its own administration, and might be prevented by the vigilance and wisdom of those who govern it. And that the absence of these qualities is accountable for its present deficiencies is the opinion of very many who have no political prejudice against a police, and no personal dislike to Colonel Henderson.

It cannot be said that this opinion is hasty or without plausible grounds to support it. The admissions of the Home Secretary are sufficient to rebut the supposition of calumny or exaggeration. In his reply to Lord E. Cecil he confessed, with a candour which would have been amusing were it not vexatious, that fourteen burglaries have been committed at the West End of London between the 1st of November and the 1st of May. He did not state, what is known to every one in London, that the result of these burglaries was the secure and unobstructed pillage of jewels of unprecedented value. We believe that never in the criminal annals of the metropolis were there so many robberies so successful and so rich in booty. The opportunity chosen was generally in the afternoon or evening. The time taken was rarely above ten minutes or a quarter of an hour. It was generally either when the owners of the property were driving out, or dining at home, that the property was stolen. The family would be out, the servants down stairs, or the family would be dining and the servants waiting, when the dexterous and instructed thief would make his way at once to the coveted plunder, and be off with his booty before the alarm could be given. It must be admitted that the thieves were bold, agile, and adroit. But thieves are supposed to possess boldness and agility, and the police are also supposed to be able to cope with them. The first case of inefficiency might be pardoned. The ingenuity of a new craftsman endowed with unusual ingenuity might well baffle the resources of the most experienced constable. But one failure should have sufficed to prevent others. The

esprit de corps should have inspired corresponding vigilance and alacrity. The next burglar should have been captured in the act. Nothing of the kind happened. Fourteen burglaries were effected with a success that may almost be called triumphant. Their completeness is only brought into stronger relief by the nervous efforts of Mr. Bruce to disparage it. There seems to be no quality so generally wanting as a sense of humour, and no place where this want is so conspicuous as the House of Commons. On no other theory is it possible to explain, or even understand, the language of the Home Secretary. When every owner of property is quaking for the safety of his plate or his wife's jewels, imagine the high official charged with the supervision of the police complacently imparting the following information to the House of Commons:—"Of these fourteen burglaries, four were committed in St. George's, Hanover Square, and one person was apprehended, but sufficient evidence could not be procured to insure his conviction. . . . In Kensington there were eight burglaries, and one person was apprehended, who is now on his trial. In Marylebone there was one burglary committed, and one person was apprehended and convicted; and in Paddington, where one burglary was committed, one person was also apprehended and convicted." This Mr. Bruce evidently considers to be reassuring. He seems to think that one capture for four burglaries is a handsome allowance. Now, as most of the recent robberies were probably effected by at least two men, and not all by the same two men, we draw the satisfactory inference that for every burglar captured there are six or seven other burglars still at large. The public will doubtless feel the proper amount of gratitude at so satisfactory a state of things. It is true that two other men were reasonably suspected of participation in one of the worst burglaries, and were apprehended; but, as no one could identify them, they were discharged. And it is also true that twelve other persons have been taken up and committed to prison on the charge of loitering for a felonious purpose. As these men were evidently of a very different calibre from the bold and clever rascals who effected the robberies of Mrs. Holland's, of Lady Napier's, and Lady Margaret Beaumont's jewels, one is at a loss to conjecture the cause of the self-complacency with which Mr. Bruce communicated this very mild piece of intelligence to the House. Nor is it easy to overrate the good-natured politeness which prevented the House of Commons from laughing in his face. The self-restraint of the House and the communicativeness of the Home Secretary can, as we have said, be attributed only to a very defective sense of humour. Yet it must be conceded that the House of Commons has often laughed egregiously at jokes much tamer than that with which Mr. Bruce now regaled it. There is a grim humour in telling the Legislature that after a rapid series of successful burglaries 8,000 constables have detected three of the burglars and obtained the committal of twelve others whom they did not detect. The House probably thought this no laughing matter; and it is easy to imagine subjects which would be more likely to tickle the muscles of metropolitan ratepayers. But Mr. Bruce can hardly have persuaded himself into the belief that the matter can end where he left it.

It would be only a useless sacrifice of truth to politeness did we attempt to conceal the fact that the Metropolitan Police is not popular. There is a very general impression that it is not nearly as useful and efficient as its numbers and its cost justify the public in thinking that it ought to be. We have already stated some of the causes of its inefficiency. Others are imagined or fabricated by many persons. One popular topic of invective is the military training and military discipline of the police. It is said that much time is lost in perverting a very mediocre constabulary into very bad soldiers. It is a matter of regret that such a charge should be made, and also that there should be some—however slight—grounds for making it. If there is one sentiment of the English people which it is possible to inflame into madness, it is their horror of a gendarmerie. Any one with tolerable fluency and a loud utterance might fill Piccadilly with an angry mob by declaiming against military domination. It is therefore only fair that such imputations should be foreborne until the imputed grievance threatens to become intolerable. Some military discipline is absolutely indispensable for the Metropolitan Police. Unfortunately the reverence for law and authority is not sufficient to prevent large and tumultuous mobs from gathering in the public streets. To send the regular troops against them in the first instance would be the height of imprudence. It would scarcely be less imprudent to send against them a constabulary which, in the excitement of conflict, would degenerate into a mob. The only alternative to employing soldiers is to employ a police which possesses some soldierly qualities. To ensure these qualities it is necessary that the police should be drilled in certain simple manoeuvres and taught to keep together. This drill, however, need not engross the time and attention of the force, whom it is likely to irritate and annoy. Neither need it be imposed on all the men. Certain divisions or companies might especially constitute the Old Guard of the police, and take the prominent part in collisions with the mob. Around these, as a nucleus, the others might be formed by a less precise and less exacting discipline. But the main training of the police should be in their own special and permanent duties, those of detecting and preventing crime. These duties are the very reason of their existence, and unless they do these they might just as well not exist at all. And they cannot be said to do these duties while robberies like

the robberies at Lady Napier's and Lady Margaret Beaumont's are effected with impunity. It is difficult to say where the blame lies. It is said that a less intelligent class of men now enters the police than formerly, and that the insufficiency of the pay and the absence of pensions explain this degeneracy. This may be part of the truth. But, evidently, it is not the whole truth. At this very moment there are more men looking for places than places looking for men. There are plenty of strong, healthy, intelligent men in England only too glad to take employment in the police, even without the assurance of a pension; although we admit that such an assurance would be useful in bringing in hosts of recruits. The fault must, we fear, rest at head-quarters. There is a want of the guiding and practised intelligence which is necessary to the training of a civil police. Or how can we explain the neglect of the police who, when they warned Baron Rothschild of his danger, never warned his neighbours? The Chief Commissioner must have known the danger. What were his instructions to his men? If the men acted on them, Colonel Henderson has yet to learn his primary duties. Again, it should be remembered that the present Chief has an amount of divisional assistance which was refused to Sir R. Mayne. As yet the public has derived but little benefit from it. We have more men and more assistants, yet not more efficiency. This is a bad account to lay before the House of Commons, and it will not be made more palatable by Mr. Bruce's eulogies on Colonel Henderson, or by Colonel Henderson's most successful devotion to parade and drill.

THE OXFORD OUTRAGE.

IT is with a somewhat sardonic smile that we contrast the heading of this article with that of another which appears in our present number. The "Last Oxford Resolutions" and the last "Oxford Outrage." We must say that the University authorities are wasting their time and beginning at the wrong end. Before they settle or unsettle the fluctuating schemes of Education, revise, change, and counterchange Schools and Examinations and Examiners, it is of superior and primary importance to look to the raw material for which they are spending all this tumultuous energy in devising new models and patterns. Oxford undergraduates, if they are to be judged by what used to be their most exclusive and pretentious section, the refined and highly-cultured *jeunesse dorée* of Christ Church, are about as fit for academic studies, and the more human letters which the old grammar quotation used to tell us soften manners and prevent men from being brutal, as Californians and backwoodsmen. With a supercilious contempt "Oxford men" sneer over the vulgar beer-drinkings and sham duels of the German *büschchen*. They thank God that they are not as the rowdies of Yale and Harvard, and with very supercilious satisfaction they contrast their sweetness and strength with the shabby decencies of Edinburgh and St. Andrew's. Peckwater and the Quartier Latin—the Bachelors' Ball at Commemoration and the *quinguettes* and *grisettes* of Paris; this is the contrast in which Oxford delights, this is Young Oxford's estimate of itself. The fact is that Young Oxford, like a good many other spoiled children, will hardly bear a very close investigation. It is difficult to say whether the tone of undergraduate life has or has not been relaxed within our own experience. Of course quinquagenarians will say that in their time the undergraduates did not commit such outrages as those which at the present moment are making every Oxford man's cheek crimson with shame and indignation. But even thirty years ago the sun had its spots. High Street, to be sure, did not present in those old days those specimens of slangy ruffianism which now make senescent Masters of Arts stare and gasp. But the drinking habits of a past age were not then quite worn out; indeed we are not aware that even yet they are extinct; and the nights of the spring and summer time used to be made hideous with the rude revelry of a certain section of student life. The orgies of Commemoration and the turbulence of the Upper Gallery have always been in full swing. Occasionally an obnoxious College Dean was screwed up, and the Dons' doors were painted scarlet, in the days of the youth of those who are now becoming fogies. An old tradition survived that in Christ Church, always the head-quarters of rowdiness, Radcliffe's statue of Mercury, in the Great Quadrangle, was subjected to the mutilation which Alcibiades inflicted on the Hermæ, and which the images of Theodosius suffered at the hands of the populace of Antioch. But the license and riot of those days stopped short of the burglary and arson of these. We shall perhaps be deemed cynical or old-fashioned if we were to hint that the gospel of muscularity has had something to do with the falling-off, if not in undergraduate character, at least in undergraduate manners. At any rate we may safely say that the apostles of athleticism, like other apostles, have found their teaching too soon corrupted and debased. It may well be that the severer studies, and the well-regulated mind and disciplined temper which accompanies intellectual pursuits, have suffered under the excessive cultivation of boat-racing, London billiard-matches, jumping over high sticks, and racing in semi-nudity across Bullingdon flats. But more than this may have come of it. The corporeal discipline of a prize-fighter is apt to produce the mental habits of a corresponding coarseness and mere sordid virility. A barbarous and half-savage physical life must produce its moral results. And this is what, some people think, has come of Oxford athletics, or, if not of

Oxford athletics, we should be glad to be informed of the latent cause of the present outbreak of lawless savagery and Vandalism.

It is no excuse at all to say that what happened last week in Peckwater is only a repetition, if unfortunately an exaggeration, of the old license of full-blooded University life. As a matter of fact it is not so. Even that disgraceful episode of Oxford brutality in which two or three undergraduates in the Long Vacation were some years ago concerned in a disgraceful practical joke played off on a statue in a French town was not a destruction of works of high art. The funny mischief which has played so many tricks with the hero of Leicester Square only provokes a laugh. The riot at Christ Church last year remained unpunished, and has now borne its fruits. There has never been anything like this at Oxford before. The Saturnalia of Commemoration, even though they may rest on the remembrances of the *Terra filius*, ought long since to have been repressed, as they have been feebly censured, by the resident Governors of the University; but there is some attempt at wit in this obstreperous affront which Oxford permits its young men once a year to offer to its most distinguished guests. Such acts are disgraceful, but they stop short of criminality. The destruction of the Portland Vase was the act of a madman; Queen Anne's statue at St. Paul's was once defaced and broken, but it was by a lunatic; the sensuous group lately erected at the Paris Opera House was spoiled by an outraged sense of decency; works of precious art were destroyed in the sixteenth century by an ugly religious fanaticism. No extenuation of any sort can be pleaded for the nocturnal and sneaking destruction of the Oxford statues and busts—except, we suppose, the worse than no excuse of blind drunkenness on the part of the rioters. What exaggerates the offence is that the destruction was wreaked on the memorial of one, a famous Dean, who ought to have been exceptionally dear to Christ Church, and on an antique statue which had, or rather ought to have had, special claims on the reverence of what once was, but has long ceased to be, the favourite home of the Classic Muses. Of course Censors and Tutors and the Chapter are very vigorous now that it is too late; but public opinion, we fear, will exact a heavy reckoning from those who have, it is too generally felt, suffered the reins of discipline to be relaxed. We admit that when all our London museums and public gardens and national monuments are so remarkably free from mutilation or defilement it was almost inconceivable, especially to the mind of Tutors and Heads, that such an outrage could be committed, and of all places in the world at Oxford. If pictures and vases are safe with London costermongers, who would suspect their wanton destruction by the educated undergraduates of Christ Church? Still the growing license of undergraduates ought to have been checked long ago. Nor will it, we think, be urged that after all the undergraduate is only an exaggerated schoolboy. He is not. The internal discipline of an English University is based on the assumption that undergraduates are men availing themselves of the highest education which the civilized world can produce, and trusted, and above all trusting themselves, with the responsibilities and consequent duties which arise from self-control. If the Christ Church undergraduates are to be thought schoolboys, it is high time to think of recalling the external discipline which Milton is said to have suffered from, and which, unfortunately perhaps, became extinct as regards its place in education in Dr. Keate, but which it has been found necessary to revive for the benefit of London garotters.

A word with the undergraduates themselves. It seems to be settled by the influence of the old *esprit de corps* that the perpetrators of this outrage will not be delated to the authorities by those who are privy to them. Under most circumstances of a practical joke this sentiment is fair enough. We should never quarrel with an Eton boy if, under whatever penalty, he refused to "split on" his friend who he well knew broke the Head-Master's windows or got beery at Surley Hall. But a "lark" is one thing and a felony is another. An insult, however culpable, to a Don is as nothing to burglary and the destruction of valuable property which are the heirlooms, not only of the House of Christ Church, but of art itself. We shall not exactly pronounce that it is the duty of the innocent members of the College to come forward and denounce the guilty, because the stress of sentiment, not an ungenerous sentiment, has long set in the other direction. But we must remind the undergraduates generally that this event has stretched this chivalrous sentiment till it has cracked. The etiquette of the sixth form is out of place as regards a great crime of this sort. Henceforth we shall hold all who are cognizant of such an offence, bystanders as well as perpetrators, to be equally guilty. The repetition of such an outrage is, however, impossible. Public indignation will prevent it; and there remains only this tardy consolation arising from an incident so deplorable, that it must compel a vigorous and serious attempt to reform much of undergraduate manners—which means the morals of Oxford.

MR. HOME AND DRAMATIC RECITATION.

THE love for theatrical entertainments is felt by many persons who do not frequent theatres. Even the strait sect which worships at the Tabernacle delights to hear a lecture accompanied by transparencies from Mr. Spurgeon. The believers in spiritualism are numerous, and we may suppose that they all admire Mr. Home, so that a recitation by him at the Hanover Square Rooms

would be likely to be well attended. It is perhaps surprising to find Mr. Home entertaining a large company without assistance from the unseen world, and we are tempted to inquire whether the spirits have given up business, or whether they have only dissolved their partnership with Mr. Home. It is evident that, if this gentleman descends from his prophetic elevation and takes up recitation as an ordinary business, he will encounter formidable competition. Putting out of view for the moment the spiritual privileges we may have enjoyed, we should be disposed to describe Mr. Home's recitation as tedious. But we remember that this is the possessor of what he has himself called "a strange gift." Peculiar manifestations have occurred to him from childhood. Spirits have talked to him and he has talked to spirits, and the language of these conversations has been exceedingly beautiful and elevated. He has been bodily displaced in violation of the ordinary rules of gravity. He has by means of spiritualism convinced unbelievers of the immortality of the soul. It is a pity that, as Mr. Home has himself stated, he has no control over the spirits which attend upon him. When he advertises that he is prepared to arrange with literary and other institutions, it would be a good thing to be able to add that unbelievers who might engage stalls would be convinced of the immortality of the soul. But unfortunately the spirits decline to connect themselves with pecuniary speculation in any form. So far as we know they have not even answered the oft-repeated question, what horse will win the Derby? We should not expect to derive any particular gratification from hearing Mr. Home recite sentimental poetry, but if he could only promise to undergo a bodily displacement in violation of the ordinary rules of gravity the competition for tickets would be tremendous. In the absence, however, of any remarkable physical phenomena, we content ourselves with the recollection that we have before us a celebrity of the age who has been entertained by the French and Russian Emperors in their palaces, as well as by Her Majesty the Queen of England in her Court of Chancery. We observe that Mr. Home's recitations are adapted to what we should suppose might be the taste of an audience capable of believing Mr. Home's revelations from the unseen world. His programme does not suggest the possession by his admirers of any considerable literary cultivation. Thus he reads a poem called "Young Grey Head," by Caroline Bowles, which belongs to the smallest school of sentimental composition. A mother sends her two children to school on a wet day, and one of them is drowned by slipping from a plank into a swollen brook, while the other barely escapes with life, and receives a mental shock which turns its hair grey. We do not know what authority there may be for this remarkable physical phenomenon, which we should feel disposed to put in the same category with the bodily displacement of Mr. Home in violation of the laws of gravity. But the incident inevitably recalls the lines—

My hair is grey, but not with years,
Nor grew it white,
In a single night,
As men's have grown from sudden fears.

We happen ourselves to prefer Byron to Caroline Bowles, but tastes differ in poetry as in other things. The affecting incident of a mother who goes to borrow half a loaf of bread while her children are drowning deserves to enjoy not merely literary but dramatic popularity. The child who was wholly drowned had been tied up so tightly by its mother in a shawl that it could not struggle in the water. Mr. Home gratified his audience by imitating the motion of tying a shawl round his own person, but disappointment was felt at his not undergoing a bodily displacement which might have represented a child tumbling into a brook. The poem ends something like this:—

They were three, who had been four,
And the chair stood empty by the door.

Mr. Home as he speaks these lines gives an affecting glance at his own chair, which is necessarily empty, because Mr. Home prefers to recite standing. It is doubtless our misfortune not to have read this poem of Caroline Bowles before; and now that we are acquainted with its merits, we would suggest its immediate republication in a cheap form as a contribution to the education controversy, under the title of "What came of going to School."

Mr. Home has stated, and we believe him, that he cannot compel spirits to appear; but nevertheless we should have thought that this recitation offered opportunities for their voluntary appearance of which they would have desired to avail themselves. We can hardly conceive a more appropriate moment for a spirit-rapping than that which immediately succeeds the applause excited by this recitation. The alphabet, employed by Mr. Home in the usual manner, would interpret the following beautiful and elevated revelation:—"My name is Betsy Jane. I was drowned in a brook going to school. I am very happy where I am. We never go to school here. We have lollypops every day and new toys as often as we want them." But it is to be feared that the spirit of Betsy Jane is wholly insensible to pecuniary considerations, and would resolutely decline to make arrangements with literary or other institutions. Having regard, however, to the number of spirits that Mr. Home sends out of the world in the course of a recitation, it would be only fair that he should call a few of them back into it. The programme of his entertainment reads like a placard of one of those evening newspapers which delight in such gloomy incidents as death by drowning or starvation, or explosion in a mine. Three adult persons and one child die outright in the course of

this recitation, and two other children and a whole ship's crew narrowly escape death. The poem of "Young Grey Head" ends where Mr. Home points to the vacant chair, and we are left under the distressing belief that the parents, being poor people, may not be able to afford to apply hair-dye to the head of their surviving child. But it might be worth Mr. Home's while to consider whether he would not mitigate the painfully tragic character of the story by adding a stanza somewhat as follows:—

The mother borrowed half-a-crown
And got some hair-dye from London town
And that child's hair it did restore,
So it looked as nice as it looked before.

It is possible that in some auspicious moment the spirit of the departed Betsy Jane might be persuaded to impart to Mr. Home a message for her mother, bidding her not to be unhappy, and to use so and so night and morning to Mary Ann's hair, and to take care to rub it well in.

When we see a room full of people listening to recitations of the poems of Caroline Bowles and kindred writers, we begin to understand the causes of that decline of dramatic literature upon which Mr. Dion Boucicault has this week discoursed. In an anonymous poem called "New Year's Eve," which was recited by Mr. Home, a shivering, starving girl sits down upon the doorstep of a splendid house, where a sumptuous banquet is being enjoyed, burns her entire stock of lucifer-matches by way of keeping up her spirits, and then dies of cold and hunger, and receives a pauper's burial. The modest author of this poem may be encouraged to incur publicity by our assurance that it deserves to be dramatized by Mr. Boucicault. Indeed it suggests a scene of almost unrivalled sensational capability. There would be the lofty portal of an aristocratic mansion. Carriages would arrive drawn by real horses, and ladies and gentlemen dressed in the newest and most costly fashions would descend from them and be received by the tallest footmen arrayed in the most resplendent liveries. Then, when the guests had all assembled, and the banquet was on the point of being served, there would appear the figure of a girl clad in scanty and squalid rags, pale, emaciated, and shivering. It would seat itself wearily on the snow-clad doorstep, and would faintly moan its complaint of cold and hunger as evening darkened into night. Presently it would rouse itself, and, taking a match from its scanty stock-in-trade, would strike it on the door-post, and shed a fitful lurid light upon its own wasted face and shivering limbs. Again and again would the thickening darkness be thus momentarily irradiated, and then the explosion of the entire supply of matches would light up the picture of starvation, to which the door of the house of feasting would be the framework. Thus a thrilling sensational effect would be produced with the smallest possible expenditure of literary labour by the dramatist, and thus an answer would be afforded to the question why the drama languishes while Mr. Boucicault and his imitators prosper. It is perhaps true, as Mr. Boucicault says, that there are works exhibited at the Royal Academy which are to painting what his writings are to dramatic literature. It would be strange if the degradation of one art did not accompany the abasement of another. So long as people who pass for educated are capable either of believing in Mr. Home's spiritualism or of admiring Mr. Home's recitation, the production of sensational dramas and the composition of sensational leading articles is likely to be found profitable. When Mr. Boucicault directs the attention of his hearers to the newspapers of the present day, he furnishes the best possible explanation of the fact that he, the speaker, was selected to acknowledge the toast of "The Drama" at a recent festival. For it is not to be denied that Mr. Boucicault is a literary celebrity. The question has been asked, "If it takes so many yards of calico of a certain width to cover a screen, how many dramas can Mr. Boucicault write in a year?" And we cannot answer it. The theatre affords the best opportunity for educating the masses, and Mr. Boucicault is ready to undertake the business. That is his own modest conception of the part which the age assigns to him. Let the public take its religion from Mr. Home, its literature from Mr. Boucicault, and its politics from the *Daily Telegraph*, and it will be pretty equally served all round.

The transition from Caroline Bowles to Shakespeare is enormous, but it seems that there are still a few people who do not think that the smallest kind of poetry is necessarily the best. After listening at Hanover Square to "Young Grey Head" and "New Year's Eve," we may hear in Langham Place Queen Katharine's appeal to heaven against unrighteous judges, and her entreaty that, after death, she may be laid forth, although unqueened, yet like a queen. It is not to be supposed that her meditations on celestial harmony could be interesting to those who would delight to listen to the spirit-rappings of Mr. Home, and we are quite aware that the sorrows of a Queen of a bygone age do not evoke sympathy like those of a washerwoman of to-day. When we read Mr. Buckstone's speech at the dinner of the Royal General Theatrical Fund, and learn that John Kemble at Covent Garden used to put up Shakespeare in default of novelty, we may well wonder what Mr. Buckstone's successor will have to say thirty years hence as to the theatrical expedients of the present time. We know that at Drury Lane the manager put up Mr. Boucicault to some purpose a few months ago. The most prudent advice to rising actors would probably be to drop Shakespeare, and go in for what Mr. Boucicault calls educating the masses. If a clever young actress takes to tragedy and the higher class of comedy, it is to be feared that she

chooses for herself a laborious and unthankful career. In listening to Miss Bouverie's recital of Shakspeare at St. George's Hall, appreciation for her talent is perhaps heightened by sympathy for her devotion to the highest and least profitable branch of dramatic art. With encouragement and opportunity she might become an actress capable of perpetuating the great traditions of the English stage, which some of us would not willingly let die. The plays from which Miss Bouverie's selections are now taken are *King Henry VIII.* and *As You Like It*. Perhaps even a better play for the purpose of competition with Mr. Home's school of recitation would be *King John*. It is true that the audience would have to pass an entire afternoon without any child being actually killed and only one child being in danger. But perhaps the lament of Constance over her boy, "My widow-comfort and my sorrow's cure," is more pathetic than any of the expressions of motherly love in Mr. Home's repertory.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

III.

"IS the Academy good this year?" is a question asked a thousand times. "Not quite up to the mark," is the reply. Thence often follows the absurd conclusion that the Exhibition is not worth seeing. To any true lover of art no reasoning can be more ridiculous. A nation's art is never at a standstill; it is perpetually passing into new phases, pushing onwards to more advanced developments; even decadence leads to revival, decay and death to new birth. And one chief interest in the Exhibition now open is that some of these changes are evidently taking place under our very eyes. We have never indeed known a time when principles have been in more decided conflict, or schools more diametrically opposed. And yet there is peace, there is progress, toleration without indifference, faith without bigotry. Within the Academy the battle of the styles is fought. Some painters contend that the mission of contemporary art is to make a faithful transcript of what is contemporary with the times. But opposed to this modernism, naturalism, and realism which formed the groundwork of the now broken down Pre-Raphaelite movement, there have latterly risen in reaction classicism on the one hand and mediævalism on the other. These two doctrines and practices, though different, have this in common, that each alike transports imagination from the present to the past, throws nature into the shadow of the old world, clothes life in the fashion of bygone days—makes, in short, the world of art other than the world which now is. The painters who in the Exhibition take part in this movement, which ever presents phases new and strange, are Mr. Watts, Mr. Poynter, Mr. Moore, Mr. Stanhope, and Mr. Donaldson.

"The Lecture Room," in which students are supposed to learn the leading characteristics of historic schools, happens to exemplify the three phases of which we have spoken. "His Grace the Duke of Roxburgh," painted by Sir Francis Grant, with hand in breeches pocket, stands up like a man for modernism. "St. George," armour-clad, by Mr. Poynter, is ready to do battle for mediævalism; while "Daphne," without any clothing at all, presents herself as a pledge for classic purity. In this conflict modernism gets the worst of it. Having in a previous paper dealt with Mr. Watts, we will here only add that "Daphne" (1,018) seems to have been painted under the joint influence of Greeks and Venetians; the figure is statuesque in repose, pictorial in colour. Mr. Albert Moore takes rather the decorative side of classic art. "A Garden" (966), wherein is a lady in classic drapery gathering flowers, bears some resemblance, especially in the distemper-like quality of the pigments, to the mural paintings of Pompeii. The colours are studiously peculiar; the key in which the harmony has been arranged is high and clear; the effect depends on a delicate play upon monotonies, into the midst of which are dashed brilliant, daring notes, which either accentuate the harmony or give points of decision by abrupt discord. The chromatic problem thus worked out is subtle, perhaps scientific. The light diaphanous draperies, cast into graceful lines and executed with cunning hand, have a soft haziness, half Cashmere half cobweb, and the flowers in the garden sparkle as the feather jewellery hung about Oriental costumes. The picture is so anomalous that to admire it implies an acquired taste—a remark indeed which holds good with the whole school. The scene is laid nowhere, in no time or country; the light throws scarcely a shadow, it gives little roundness; the picture is so flat that it might be mistaken for a coloured bas-relief. The figure indeed—at once awkward and elegant, lovely however in the turn of the neck and in the curve formed by the arms—is treated almost as if intended for "the flat," and not for the round. And here, in fact, the style shows its allegiance to those historic periods when the pictorial arts were emerging out of sculpture. The transition is thus easy from Mr. Moore to Mr. Poynter, who sends to the Academy the much talked of cartoons for the Salvati mosaics, one of which is already up in the Central Hall of the Houses of Parliament. And the comparison of the two artists is all the more natural inasmuch as they at first held a joint commission for these public works at Westminster. Their styles, however, were found not to accord well together. Mr. Layard discovered that Mr. Moore was too classic for a Gothic interior; the First Commissioner approved, however, of Mr. Poynter's cartoons for "Fortitude" (997) and "St. George" (1,006), as just the style of thing required. It must be confessed

that these figures now brought to the Academy do not turn out as well as we were given to suppose. "St. George" looks the wooden effigy style of thing, a kind of Gog and Magog sort of art. "Fortitude" seems more of a general favourite; the attitude is commanding, like that of "The Sibyl's Prophecy," by Peruzzi, in Sienna. The design has been rightly deemed suited to mosaic, by its firmness, simplicity, statuesque symmetry, and repose. It is to be observed that the touches of the brush are so placed as to admit of reproduction by means of mosaic tessere, which process was in course of being carried out when we visited Salviati's establishment on the Grand Canal last autumn. This process, the essential condition of the art manufacture, tells what allowance should be made for any apparent rudeness in Mr. Poynter's designs. It were cruel to suggest comparison between these cartoons for mosaics and the Raffaele cartoons for tapestries. Mosaics, unless executed, as in the Vatican manufactory, regardless of expense, admit of comparatively little delicacy and finish. That Mr. Poynter can assume a style of the utmost subtlety and beauty is proved by the highly wrought and all but faultless figure of "Andromeda" (137). This small picture reaches grandeur; the expression of anguish is tragic, the colour Titianesque. It will be thus seen that Mr. Poynter can pass from mediæval to classic themes, a facility which is shared by other "Young Englanders." We have devoted some space to the above-named pictures, because they seem to prefigure the art of the future.

The historic styles to which our modern art is at this moment tending are further exemplified in the Great Gallery. The preceding remarks find illustration, for example, in "The Olive-tree; a Pastoral" (151), by Mr. Stanhope. Here again the spectator is removed from the sphere of actual every-day experience, as in the compositions of Poussin and others who treated nature from an imaginative point of view. The man and the woman in this pastoral seem about to make love according to some pre-arranged historic precedent; they approach with grand solemnity and stiff dignity, taking care that the lines of their persons shall compose according to pictorial principles with the trunk and branches of the olive-tree which gives them shelter. We are not sure that the English public is as yet quite educated up to this ideal realism, this unnatural nature which dwells nowhere save in the painter's fancy. But Mr. Stanhope evidently is the man to beget enthusiasm and inspire faith; his picture, with extreme disdain for routine and conventionality, strikes out boldly an original line of its own, grand in unaccustomed concords of colour, lofty in thought, and large in mode of handling. With less ardour, but still with allegiance to old academic precepts, Mr. Armitage depicts an "Incident which suggested to Æsop the Fable of Fortune and the Sleeping Boy" (171). The painter has done well, especially considering the need for beauty in all art, to cast aside the spurious story that the supposed author of the Fables was a monster of deformity. Specially happy is the "sleeping boy," a fine study of the human form, thrown into an attitude angular, yet symmetric. Beneath majestic trees the eye peeps along a pretty panorama of Grecian landscape, blue and brilliant. The painting is a little dry, the reverse of juicy; indeed this school of academic classicism abhors varnish or polished surface. The colour is low in tone yet full of daylight, the manner bears signs of French influence. For the sake of contrast, and in order to show how opposite are the styles countenanced by our Academy—perhaps the most catholic and widely representative in the whole world—we may here mention "Margaret Mocked" (978), and "Afternoon in Treviso" (990), by Mr. Donaldson. Here we have a modernized mediævalism, which, seeking colour, falls into confusion, and affecting sentiment, is guilty of absurdity. It is true that Giorgione delighted in the melody of sound and the harmony of colour, but no "Afternoon in Treviso" like this here painted could have been tolerated by any one of the romantic yet reasonable, sensitive yet strong, painters of Venetia. That it may yet be possible for Mr. Donaldson to gain form, firmness, and individuality is apparent from an admirable study, "The Head of a Cardinal" (200). The danger of one and all of the derivative styles of which we have spoken is identical. A man with no style is no artist, a man with a borrowed style is a slave. The fault of the English school has hitherto been the want of what Reynolds properly termed "style." It is to be hoped that our painters, in opening their eyes to the beauty of classic and mediæval art, will not blind themselves to the truth of nature. Study from the life is the only safeguard.

Never has there been a time when the English Academy has shown itself so un-English; foreign influence each year asserts itself more strongly; the Academy has laboured for a century, and yet there is no school that can be called the London school, while the walls of the Exhibition proclaim the existence of the Paris school, the Roman school, the Belgian school, even the German school. Foreign travel is now so easy that our painters naturally go abroad, and so bring back some of the many existing foreign styles. And we think this growing habit, though fatal to what has been termed our national school, is likely to advance the interests of art in a wide cosmopolitan sense. One of our painters, Mr. Hodgson, has certainly of late profited by distant travel. Heretofore he has never approached the excellence of two works now produced, "The Basha's Black Guards" (923), and "Arab Prisoners" (1,023). These Black Guards are delineated with a fidelity to delight an ethnologist; indolence, slyness, craft are printed on these inhuman physiognomies; the dark colour of the skin against the light wall background makes a striking pictorial contrast. "Arab Prisoners" come no less as a novelty in an English Exhibi-

tion. Here again the heads are strongly pronounced, and the agony of thirst adds intensity to the expression. Accessories such as trees, cactuses, mountains, sea, are thrown in with freshness and freedom. How the artist has gained his manner it were hard to conjecture, except on the not improbable presumption that an admiring eye has been cast on M. Fromentin, M. Belly, and other Frenchmen, who have also chosen the African shores of the Mediterranean as their sketching-ground. It is evident that Mr. Hodgson and Mr. Elmore, when severally working in Algeria, fell under very different guidance. Mr. Hodgson, in common with the French painters we have named, has caught the atmosphere and sunlight of lands wherein the Arab dwells. Foreign influences are also more or less obvious in pictures by Messrs. Burgess, Long, Brennan, and Boughton. "A Scene during the Republican Insurrection in Spain, 1869" (230), is scarcely a worthy sequence to "Bravo Toro." Mr. Burgess, its author, and Mr. Long, who exhibits "Lazarillo and the Blind Beggar" (497), alike cherish Spanish traditions through the intervention of the late John Phillip. Mr. Brennan, who dates from the Roman Caffè Greco, the resort of artists of all nations, naturally imports into the Academy foreign products. "The Acolyte" (947) fulfils the painter's promise. The figures are relieved from the background firmly, yet not too forcibly; the colour, of a gamut now under foreign proclivities gaining the ascendancy, is pleasing, and the general treatment artistic. Mr. Brennan speaks the grammar of art correctly, but he has not much to say. Messrs. Boughton, Barclay, and Armstrong are so placed by the hangers as to imply consanguinity of genius. "The Age of Gallantry" (1,013), by Mr. Boughton, is singular for an excellence not English. And yet the incident—a dandy of the old school, in tail coat, wading up to his knee-breeches through a river to pluck water-lilies for ladies—is evidently laid in England, and that at a period prior to the time when women began to clamour for their rights. The picture is comic, yet quiet and refined. The foreign element is apparent only in a certain daintiness and surface grace, softened down under silvery haze. "Whittling" (1,016), by Mr. Barclay, which hangs near at hand, though descending to a plebeian level, becomes refined by reason of quiet silvery tones. "Poppies" (1,020), by Mr. Armstrong, attains to the poetry of ugliness. That an artist should gratuitously select the most inartistic of costumes for his hero shows that subservience to tailoring which is the negation of intellect and nature. The painter is here without excuse, even though he should prove that boots, coat, and hat are reduced to pictorial agreement. Living in a world of beauty, it is passing strange that any one should love ugliness; in other words, choose darkness rather than light.

THE SAPPHO AND CAMBRIA.

THE English and Americans are not to be deterred from sailing yachts and driving coaches by the consideration that steam would take them to their destination, if they had one, more rapidly and certainly than wind or horses. The love of the stage-coach has lately displayed itself in a revival of the old mode of travelling on two or three roads out of London. The love of yachting may be said to be the only fashion which in both hemispheres is unchangeable, and as it has survived the application of steam to naval purposes it is difficult to conceive any possibility which can affect it in the future. There are yearly more and more wealthy people, both in England and America, who own yachts; but the sea is a large place, and its society cannot easily be overcrowded. The Americans have attained remarkable success in building yachts, and their superiority over English builders may be taken for the present to be decisively established by the victories of the *Sappho* in her three matches with the *Cambria*.

The first of these matches was sailed on Tuesday week. The second should have been sailed on Saturday last, but resulted in a walk over by the *Sappho*, as the *Cambria* objected to the course and declined to start. The third was sailed on Tuesday last. It was intended that in two of the matches the vessels should beat sixty miles to windward, and run home. The course in the third match was to be an equilateral triangle of twenty miles a side. The *Sappho* had been engaged in matches in 1868, in which the *Cambria* and other English yachts had beaten her. But she has since undergone alterations which have improved her speed considerably, and as she is double the tonnage of the *Cambria*, and spreads more canvas in the proportion of three to two, her superiority in almost all points of sailing is indisputable. In the first of the three matches the *Cambria* was beaten so completely that it was difficult to believe she could be in her true form. The wind, as some of us may remember, was easterly on Tuesday week, and accordingly a course of sixty miles to windward from the east end of the Isle of Wight would take the competing vessels to a point about thirty miles south by west of Beachy Head. This point was to have been marked by a steamer which should have been at anchor, but, as the competing yachts arrived before the steamer, the *Sappho*, who was considerably ahead, would have had some difficulty in establishing her victory if the owner of the *Cambria* had not handsomely admitted it. In the second match, which should have been sailed on Saturday last, a dispute arose, in which it appears that the *Cambria* was in the right; but the umpires decided against her, and their decision must be accepted as conclusive. This second match, like the first, was to be sailed sixty miles to windward of the starting-point. The wind by Saturday morning

had changed from east to west-south-west,¹ and later in the day it blew almost directly from the west. A course round the Shambles light-ship off Portland would have strictly complied with the condition that the course was to be to windward. The course ordered by the umpires, which was round the breakwater at Cherbourg, deviated from this condition considerably, even supposing that the wind was at the time of starting at west-south-west. Without entering nicely into bearings, we may say that Cherbourg lies a little to the west of south of the starting-point, which was, as in the first match, the eastern end of the Isle of Wight. It thus appears that Cherbourg was much more to the south of a true windward course than the Shambles light-ship was to the north of it. It is also credible, or it would have been before the hollow defeat of the *Cambria* in the first match, that she might have a good chance in beating to windward against the *Sappho*, while she would have no chance at all against her in a reaching course. We think, therefore, that argument is in favour of the *Cambria* in this dispute, but it must be allowed that authority is against her. The umpires gave an order which she disobeyed, and her opponent, having sailed over the course, is entitled to the prize. It is evident that the *Cambria* could not possibly have won over the appointed course, and therefore her refusal to start is of small importance. The third match, which was by much the most interesting of the series, was sailed on Tuesday last. The course was an equilateral triangle of twenty miles each way. The first twenty miles, starting from the same point as before, were dead to windward along the south coast of the Isle of Wight, and the *Cambria* and her crew deserve equal praise for the admirable manner in which they performed this part of the day's work. According to an enthusiastic eye-witness who describes the race in the *Times*, the triumph of the *Cambria* in working to windward was complete. It was necessary to keep close along shore in order to avoid the lee tide, and here the handiness of the smaller vessel in making frequent tacks gave her a signal advantage over her big antagonist. It is easy to understand that upon a racecourse with many short turns, a small compact horse may be superior to a tall far-striding animal who in a straight run would go grandly to the front. About eleven o'clock on Tuesday morning, and nearly three hours after the start, the *Cambria* performed a manoeuvre which filled her partisans with admiration. She and her opponent met on opposite tacks under Bonchurch Cliffs. The *Cambria* came out from the shore on the starboard tack, while the *Sappho* was coming in on the port tack. The English yacht sailing across the American's bows, instantly put down her helm, and there lay the big *Sappho* jammed dead to leeward of the little *Cambria*. Fourteen times successively did the English yacht tack to windward of the American between Bonchurch and St. Catherine's, but now came the turn of the American. The mark-boat lay about seven and a-half miles off St. Catherine's, and from the last tack made under the point the yachts had to stretch off into the Channel on a long reach for the steamer to complete the first side of the triangle appointed for the course. With a steadier and a fresher breeze, length of keel and power of sail began to tell, and as the two yachts drew out from the land the *Sappho* forereached and weathered upon the *Cambria*. Ultimately the American rounded the mark-ship 3 m. 40 s. before the English yacht, so that the *Cambria* did not win even this the first part of the race, in which she was particularly qualified to excel. The writer in the *Times*, whose exuberance we have taken the liberty of retrenching, has stood up on this occasion manfully for the losing party.

Victrix causa diis placuit, sed victa Catoni.

But we fully believe that the *Cambria's* performance was quite as meritorious as he represents, and not the less so because, in the second and third parts of the race, with a free wind, the *Sappho* walked clean away from her. It is melancholy to relate that the English yacht lagged so far behind that the breeze which bore the American to the winning-post died away, so that the *Cambria* could not stem the tide, and if a steamer had not picked her up there is no saying when she would have reached port.

It is refreshing to find that seamanship is still a living art. With the important exception that there was no gunnery, the account of this match reads like an extract from a naval history describing a frigate action in the English Channel during the great French war. Shipbuilding has improved enormously since that time, and it may be hoped that seamanship has not deteriorated. Nor has it become so entirely obsolete in war as it has pleased some writers hastily to suppose. It was manifest to observant witnesses of the naval operations of the Paraguayan war, that a few English or American seamen on board the Brazilian ironclads would have made a wonderful difference in their efficiency. The American shipbuilders have again asserted their superiority in the *Sappho*. They have not built the fastest yacht afloat, but they have done something even more surprising, for they have altered a yacht after she was built, and so given her that character. There are several tailors in London who could make a well-fitting dress-coat, but it may be doubted whether there is one who could retrieve a grave constructive error. Our admiration for the *Sappho's* performances in these matches is not diminished by the fact that she was sailed by an English crew, whose cheers after their victory must have been grateful to patriotic ears. In the interest of sport we should be glad to believe that the *Cambria* could have a chance of winning any future match with the *Sappho*. But it is difficult to suppose that the *Cambria* would gain as much in beating as she would lose in going before the wind. However, ships, like horses, are

different at different times, and we should be pleased to hear that the *Cambria's* day had come, although we hardly expect it will. The success of the Americans in building yachts may be recognised as cheerfully as they lately recognised our success in the more important matter of buildingships of war. It is almost impossible to believe that our navy could excel the navies of other countries in any respect, except costliness; but the Americans have emphatically declared their admiration of the *Monarch*, which lately visited their coast, so we may handsomely return the compliment by admitting that the *Sappho* is invincible, and is likely to remain so until our builders have had time to apply the lesson which she has taught. But if any patriotic Englishman should feel disappointed at the three successive defeats of his countrymen by sea, let him console himself by observing that they maintain their ancient reputation on land. A telegram announces that in a battle fought near New Orleans an English pugilist has gained the championship of America. It may be hoped that the gentlemen of New Orleans will allow themselves to be taught by Mr. James Mace that punching heads is more Christianlike than stabbing or shooting. Unless the society of New Orleans is much belied, an English prizefighter might work improvement in its manners. At any rate international contests of any kind are likely to promote good feeling, and it is probable that in the long run the prizes of victory would be pretty equally divided.

REVIEWS.

COX'S MYTHOLOGY OF THE ARYAN NATIONS.*

(First Notice.)

THE word "mythology" is to most persons one of a repulsive character, representing neither fish, fowl, nor good red herring. It reminds them of stories of certain very foolish or wicked persons who lived together up in the sky or on the top of a mountain, and interfered, generally very unjustly or infelicitously, with the dwellers on the land beneath. By a singular infatuation these earth-dwellers, instead of treating the Olympians with the contempt which their actions deserved, regarded them with the utmost reverence, and poets could find no higher inspiration than that afforded by their praises. Thus poets like Homer saturated their works so thoroughly with references to the Olympians, that they were unintelligible without a key; which was obligingly presented by Dr. Lempriere. But when the stories of these curious beings (which were specially termed myths, and collectively mythology) were thus brought together in some sort of order, they looked uglier than ever. It was impossible to reason in favour of mythology; the only plea which could be urged was the necessity of learning it, the necessity of Lempriere to enable us to understand Homer and Æschylus, poets worth while studying in spite of their foolish mythology. The question how these great poets could enjoy, or even put up with, these mythological stories could receive no answer. It seems curious that, while mythology was so regarded, the reputation of the great Greek poets and their great Latin followers and imitators did not suffer in the eyes of modern readers. The explanation may be found partly in the early and unreasoning age at which they were introduced to our youth, as part and parcel of their classical education; but still more in the fact that much was told by the great poets of their human heroes far nobler than the traditional myths they reproduced concerning the gods. As Voss says, Homer is far nobler than his gods. The beautiful stories of Achilles and Briseis, of the interview of Nestor and Phoenix with Achilles, of the Trojan elders and Helen on the walls of Troy, of Hector and Andromache, were enchanting enough to divert attention from the coarseness of the life on Olympus, or the wildly absurd interference of the gods on behalf of their special favourites. In like manner the grand moral tone pervading the *Oresteia* of Æschylus secured the oblivion of the repulsive features of the heroic story; and the genius of Sophocles perhaps achieved a still greater triumph in his *Antigone*, considering the specially revolting character of its subject. To young and to poetical natures, therefore, the mythology as used by these poets was an accessory which could not weigh very heavily against the sublime beauties they discovered; but mythology, occupying this position, would not be interesting or important enough to be studied on its own account. Older and less impulsive minds, however, would see that mythology was a subject for investigation. Granting that the Greeks were likely, like other nations, to recognise Divine agency and to have one supreme god, Zeus, how came they to attribute to him, the all-powerful and all-just, actions which were grossly immoral when committed among themselves? And, granting that they could not see the universe as a whole, but were naturally impelled to believe in a special deity for the guardianship of the earth, the sea, the sun, &c., why should they have supposed such intrigues of love, hatred, and cruelty among the celestials as would appear to place them beneath contempt? And, finally, why should these beings of a higher order be supposed to consort with, corrupt and seduce, their human worshippers? To answer these questions has been the aim of a whole body of literature of this century.

We cannot here trace the history of opinion on this subject, but

* *The Mythology of the Aryan Nations*. By George W. Cox, M.A., late Scholar of Trinity College, Oxford. 2 vols. London: Longmans & Co. 1870.

a few remarks will be apposite to show the position taken up by Mr. Cox towards his predecessors. The Greeks themselves in general apparently felt the gods to be of so different a nature from themselves that they liked the stories about them, and hardly thought of applying to them a human moral standard. The philosophers of course did, and openly avowed their contempt for the popular mythology, as Socrates, who was accused of *ἀσέβεια*; Plato, who would not allow poets in his Republic; and Cicero, who in his treatise on the Nature of the Gods has left a noble testimony to the correct religious sentiments of the best minds of antiquity. When the minds of ordinary men began to require explanation of the absurdities of mythology, Eumeros propounded his system, which consisted in simply regarding the gods of antiquity as ordinary mortals raised above the barbarism and stupidity of their contemporaries, and imposing upon these till they came to be treated to sacrifice and worship. Various stories were so blended together as to produce a specious whole without inconsistencies, and the miraculous faded away into something presumably not impossible, and bearing a faint similarity to that which had been expunged. It was the system, not of Strauss, but of Paulus—shallow and unreal, and only possible in an utterly unreligious age. It appeared, however, in other climes; and even Mr. Carlyle is led, by the Eumeroistic legend which makes Odin the first King of the North, to give him a place among men in his *Hero-Worship*. But modern thinkers generally have seen that, notwithstanding the very human stories attached to them, the ancient gods were really gods—the creative and governing powers—to their worshippers, and that they thus represented an idea, not an external fact. Even old Heyne admits this, dividing myths into those which may have an historical basis (stories), and those which are the mere expression of a thought, which the language of extreme antiquity would alone clothe in the form of allegory. According to him, it was only the incapacity of the language of extreme antiquity to express directly the relations of cause and effect, &c., in the universe, that produced mythology, i.e. allegorical speech. J. H. Voss followed in nearly the same track, only that he considers the powers denoted originally by allegorical expressions to have assumed a higher degree of living personality. Buttmann believes the myths to have originated here and there everywhere, and not to have been formed into anything like a "mythology" till a relatively very late date; to be moreover of the very highest antiquity, and to arise from the very varying sentiments of various ages; to be, above all, the product of sentiment, and not the debris of history; and he lays great stress on the personal names as helps towards tracing the origin and meaning of the stories, and as proving the analogy or identity of different myths. By the application of these principles he discovers that, though we have many stories that sound historical, we have no history at all before the migration of the Heracleids, and that even this is only the result of earlier mythical traditions. We shall see that Buttmann here anticipates the conclusions to which modern mythologists have been brought by evidence not then attainable. Creuzer's view must be regarded as retrograde; he treats mythology as a form of symbolism, which was taught to an ignorant people with only the barest beginnings of religious feeling by an educated priesthood who had acquired their systems from the earlier civilized East. The main work of these priests was to form and to interpret symbols; and thus myths were in reality allegories, and had a basis of mainly theological truth. Thus Creuzer can find no natural development of mythology, but must introduce foreign agents to implant it, though it surely could never in that case have taken any firm root; and he greatly exaggerates its symbolic element, and speaks contrary to the fact in calling myths allegory, whereas they are opposite, not identical, terms if, as Otfried Müller concisely puts it, "The myth means exactly what it says, while the allegory *ἄλλο μὲν ἀγορεύει, ἄλλο δὲ νοεῖ*." Gottfried Hermann, like Creuzer, makes much of the influence of priests in at least encouraging and turning to their own purposes mythical stories; and he regards these stories as exhibiting in their outer form history, and in their inner nature philosophical truth, and as being above all things allegorical, in which the allegory was so successful as to allow the ignorant people to accept as personal deities allegorical terms not meant to be so understood. There is here even more of deceivers and deceived than in Creuzer's system, and both are alike condemned thereby, and throw no light upon the primary question, how people began to think in myths at all, instead of in plain language. Yet, till this tendency is shown to be natural, we cannot believe in their receiving mythical ideas from priests. Besides, who were these priests before the tendency to mythical thought had produced a God or gods for them to serve? Welcker succeeds Creuzer, but speaks more in the strain of Buttmann, and of the book we are now about to notice. The oldest forms of mythology, he observes, arise from the ancient mode of viewing the actions of the great powers of nature, which may be designated by a great number of names, which subsequently caused a great multiplication of divine energies, and thus the rise of a complicated polytheism, and the repetition of stories without end. Though viewing the subject from a strictly Greek standpoint, he observes that many of the names cannot be explained from Greek roots, and must therefore belong to a time before the Greek people were separated into a distinct nation. When we contemplate these various mythologists in chronological order, it is impossible to fail to recognise a gradual progress from the view which knows least of ordinary human nature to that which knows more. Place Buttmann, who was most in advance of his age, after Creuzer and Hermann, and we have down to Hermann

a series of writers who treated mythology in a rationalizing spirit, and regarded it as an artificial system which had to be taught, and had a definite aim; while Buttmann, Welcker, and Otfried Müller see in it a form of expression natural to the people, and therefore not adopted with a purpose, or tending to a foreseen result; springing from an unknown antiquity, perhaps before the existence of the Greeks as a nation, and put together out of fragments of legend which were always attached in the first instance to a definite locality. Otfried Müller so far agrees with Welcker that it is hardly necessary to describe him separately. He insists strongly on the localization of the myths, on their gradual and natural growth in and by the people, and on their extreme age, and consequently on the distinction to be drawn between the poet through whom we happen to hear of them first, and their earliest originators.

Still, however satisfied we may be that these later writers offer to our view figures not distorted, but formed from a deep knowledge of the anatomy of human nature, their expositions cannot be accepted as final. This they themselves confess. If mythical names are originally significant, and yet many are not easily explainable from Greek sources, we necessarily try to discover some older and possible source to which they may be referred. And however much we may divide the long and complicated stories into simpler elements, we at length are brought face to face with these original simple myths, and have to endeavour, often without success, to see what they meant. And in this unsatisfied state we should be still living had we not received from the earlier civilization of the far East an answer to these very questions. The primary Aryan nation, whose earliest hymns date from some 1,500 years B.C., and form the earliest part of the Rig-Veda, is now recognised as the parent of the nations that migrated westwards and peopled Europe, as well as of the Hindus who crossed the Himalayas and occupied Upper India. These hymns are addressed to various deities, and mention many more divine names. Coincidences between the Vedic (or even Sanskrit) and the Greek names were often observed before the full importance of the discovery was realized. When the clear sky was represented by a being called *Dyu*, nominative *Dyaus*, who could fail to see in that the Greek *Zeus*, the Latin *Jupiter*, *Jov-is*, the Norse *Ty-r*, Germ. *Zio*, and our *Tue* in *Tue*-sday? Another form of the same root *div* led directly to *deva*, denoting a heavenly being in general; and hence we cannot but deduce the Latin *deus* and *dies*; to say nothing of the Persian *dev*, who is changed by a revulsion of sentiment consequent on a change of religion from a celestial and beneficent being into a devil. The temptation (to which Mr. Cox has yielded) is strong to derive the word *devil* from the same source; but it can be so distinctly traced to *δαίβολος* that we must stop our ears to the voice of the Enemy. Again, when fire is represented by *Agni-s*, the Latin *ignis* is explained. *Ushas*, the Dawn, explains both *Aurora* and the Æolic *Ἄναρ*. These and very many similar coincidences established the fact that the Greek mythology did not stand alone, and could not be explained from itself alone, but that it bore a certain definite relation to the Vedic. When the latter was found to yield equally satisfactory explanations of the Latin, German, and Norse, whereas none of these could be explained from one another, it became evident that the Vedic language at least must be looked upon as the source desiderated by Welcker for the explanation of Greek mythical names. The names at least existed before the division of the Aryan stock. But we soon find ourselves entitled to go further and find the origin of mythical persons in that primeval age. For many names which in Greek are purely mythical, in Vedic language are also substantives of the appellative class; thus *Dyu* (nom. *Dyaus*) denotes the sky, or a day, quite as much as the god Zeus; and the use of such appellatives in mythical words, having begun before the dispersion, accounts for its continuance in very various regions. Thus the Norse *Ty-r* and Eng. *Tue*-(s)day perpetuates the Vedic myth, but are only collaterally related to the Greek. This is in brief the ground upon which European mythologies can be traced, as regards their names and the idea therein embodied, to the Vedic.

But the settlement of the name is only the first process we have to encounter. It is not enough to know who the agent is; we must know what his acts, described in mythical language, signify in the language of prose. We must remember that mythology is the earliest language of mankind, and that its meaning must be such as is appropriate to man in a primitive state:—

Of the several objects [says Mr. Cox] which met his eye he had no positive knowledge, whether of their origin, their nature, or their properties. But he had life, and therefore all things else must have life also. He was under no necessity of personifying them, for he had for himself no distinctions between consciousness and personality. He knew nothing of the conditions of his own life or of any other, and therefore all things on the earth or in the heavens were invested with the same vague idea of existence. The sun, the moon, the stars, the ground on which he trod, the clouds, storms, and lightnings, were all living beings; could he help thinking that, like himself, they were conscious beings also? His very words would, by an inevitable necessity, express this conviction. His language would admit no single expression from which the attribute of life was excluded, while it would vary the forms of that life with unerring instinct. Every object would be a living reality, and every word a speaking picture. For him there would be no bare recurrence of days and seasons, but each morning the dawn would drive her bright flocks to the blue pastures of heaven before the birth of the lord of day from the toiling womb of night. Round the living progress of the new-born sun there would be grouped a lavish imagery, expressive of the most intense sympathy with what we term the operation of material forces, and not less expressive of the utter absence of even the faintest knowledge. Life would be an alternation of joy and sorrow, of terror and relief; for every evening

the dawn would return leading her bright flocks, and the short-lived sun would die. . . . The sun would awaken both mournful and inspiring ideas, ideas of victory and defeat, of toil and premature death. He would be the Titan, strangling the serpents of the night before he drove his chariot up the sky; and he would also be the being who, worn down by unwilling labour undergone for men, sinks wearied into the arms of the mother who bore him in the morning. Other images would not be wanting; the dawn and the dew and the violet clouds would be not less real and living than the sun. In his rising from the east he would quit the fair dawn, whom he should see no more till his labour drew towards its close. And not less would he love and be loved by the dew and by the morning herself, while to both his life would be fatal as his fiery car rose higher in the sky. So would man speak of all other things also; of the thunder and the earthquake and the storm, not less than of summer and winter. But it would be no personification, and still less would it be an allegory or metaphor. It would be to him a veritable reality, which he examined and analysed as little as he reflected on himself. It would be a sentiment and a belief, but in no sense a religion.

Thus Mr. Cox shows us the foundation of the myth; and it appears strikingly in accordance with what Welcker and Otfried Müller desired, but could not fully attain to. One reason why they could not is now patent. The names by which the sun, the dawn, the dew, are known in the original legend, are the same as their ordinary designations; whereas the Greek stories have advanced so far in the direction of personation as to allow the original names to remain in the myths, while other words come into use as appellatives. Thus the Vedic *Dahand* remains personified as Daphne, while the actual twilight is otherwise expressed; and, similarly, Prokris could on Greek ground no longer be identified with the Dew. Zeus, too, becomes simply a mythic name, and both the heaven and the day have distinct names in Greek, though the Vedic *Dyu* embraces all three. In other words, in the Vedic poems,

The names of many, perhaps of most, of the Greek gods, indicate natural objects which, if endued with life, have not been reduced to human personality. In them Daphné is still simply the morning twilight ushering in the splendour of the new-born sun; the cattle of Hélios there are still the light-coloured clouds which the dawn leads out into the fields of the sky. There the idea of Heraklés has not been separated from the image of the toiling and struggling sun, and the glory of the life-giving Hélios has not been transferred to the god of Delos and Pytho. In the Vedas the myths of Endymion, of Kephalos and Prokris, Orpheus and Eurydiké, are exhibited in the form of detached mythical phrases, which furnished for each their germ. The analysis may be extended indefinitely, but the conclusion can only be, that in the Vedic language we have the foundation, not only of the glowing legends of Hellas, but of the dark and sombre mythology of the Scandinavian and the Teuton. Both alike have grown up chiefly from names which have been grouped around the sun; but the former has been grounded on those expressions which describe the recurrence of day and night, the latter on the great tragedy of nature in the alternation of summer and winter.

The origin of the great solar myth, to which in one or other of its countless conceivable forms the entire system of mythology may be referred, and on which alone Mr. Cox's two volumes may be regarded as a commentary, is now intelligible. The Sun himself may be designated by innumerable epithets, afterward individualized into distinct deities; and as the same is true of the Dawn, the Clouds, and all his other attendants, the myth may be repeated countless times under different forms. Moreover, the Sun may be looked at under different aspects—as the toiler for the good of man, as the giver of life and warmth, or as destroying and withering up with his noontide rays. His history may be variously expounded. The mother from whom he is born in the morning may be the dark Night, or the dim Twilight, or the early Dawn. His first act may be to strangle the serpents of darkness (which he does in his character of the infant Heraklés). The Dawn may be, and generally is, regarded as the bright maiden whom he sees in his early youth, and woos or chases till she escapes, or till he must leave her and proceed on his journey; for the Sun is obliged to move on steadily from east to west, and the beautiful clouds of the Dawn cannot attend him, but must either elude him or be abandoned by him, only to be found again in the western heaven as the Sun sinks to rest from his toils. Hence arise many stories of maidens deserting the solar hero or being deserted by him, and afterwards meeting him again. One of the clearest of these legends is that of Iolé, whom Heraklés loved in youth, and found again on his return from the accomplishment of the twelve labours which represent the twelve hours of the day; her name (Violet) shows her to be the violet clouds of the early sunrise and late sunset. From the same ideas arise sometimes complications which involve the legends in the immoral and repulsive dress they often wear. For example, Oidipous, a solar hero, is said to be born of Iokasté, who again represents the deep violet-tinted clouds that precede the Dawn, from whose midst the sun seems to emerge. At the end of his career Oidipous again meets Iokasté, and is united in marriage to her, just as in the evening the violet clouds reappear and the sun appears to bury himself in them. Thus the repulsive idea of a man marrying his mother is seen to have its origin in a double-entendre of the mythical language respecting the kind of union between the sun and the clouds surrounding it. The vagrant loves of the solar heroes will also not surprise us when we consider that the sun's function is to travel on, like the young man in *Excelsior*, who is equally proof against temptation to linger—

O stay, the maiden said, and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!

and might with great plausibility be claimed by Mr. Cox as a solar hero strayed into the modern world. Heraklés, therefore, must desert Iolé, and later in the day be drawn into a fatal union with Deianeira, who belongs to the powers of darkness, and leads

him ultimately to his ruin, although not before he has again seen Iolé, who returns with the violet sunset. The legend of Paris and Oenoné is also beautifully and effectively explained by Mr. Cox in the same way. In fact nothing will more surprise attentive readers of Mr. Cox's book than the constant repetition of the same legend under different names. When once the key to the solar myth is given, it is found to unlock every myth upon which it may be tried, and to prove the whole system of mythology to be founded upon this central idea. After the first exposition the only surprise is that so little more requires any explanation at all.

THE OLD LOVE AND THE NEW.*

THIS is a book which it is rather difficult to criticize fairly. Sir E. Creasy begins with a preface which may be regarded as more or less in the nature of an appeal for mercy. A good deal of his novel, he tells us, was written many years ago, and the task of remodelling and completing it "has helped to soothe many months of travel and illness," and has called up "recollections of old classical studies, and of the friends who were his comrades and competitors in those studies." It is pardonable, or we should perhaps say creditable, for a gentleman to struggle against the annoyances of "travel and illness" by looking up his old classical recollections, and even by casting them into the form of a novel. It is amiable in him to receive additional pleasure from the memories of Eton and King's College which his labours bring to life; and perhaps we ought not to be too hard upon him if he infers in somewhat too sanguine a spirit that what has given him pleasure will give pleasure to the world at large. Many people indeed have not been at Eton nor at King's College, and there are, we fear, some persons to whom a recollection of the classical labours of their youth is not productive of unmixed satisfaction. But the neglect of these obvious considerations shows at any rate a certain touching confidence in the benevolence of the public, and in the critical leniency of modern reviewers, which we can but take as in some sort a compliment to ourselves. You, the author seems to say to his natural enemy, are of so placable and friendly a disposition that you will certainly overlook the faults of my book when you are told that its composition has soothed my illness, and taken me back in imagination to the long chamber at Eton, or the lecture-room at King's College. It is hard to resist such an appeal; and we will add that the book, whatever its shortcomings, is free from any positive causes of offence. It is not pretentious or bombastic, or in any way provocative of any emotion more disagreeable than a certain faint disposition to yawn. How are we to find language sufficiently delicate to intimate without pain to the author what justice to our readers forbids us altogether to conceal, that *The Old Love and the New* is not precisely a book to form an epoch in fictitious literature, and that it is not quite out of question that some of those who set out most gallantly "a little after daybreak on a spring morning in the last year of the 87th Olympiad" may fail to follow to their conclusion the fortunes of the little party which was then seen winding up the mountain road which leads upwards from the Eleusinian plain amongst the spurs of Mount Cithæron? There are various ways in which we might attempt to discharge our duty. We might, for example, take the profound antiquarian line of criticism, and point out that Sir Edward is not quite so familiar as he ought to be with the details of an Athenian galley, or with the dates of the composition of certain Greek plays, or with the mode of celebrating the lesser Panathenæa. We shall not enter this tempting line of investigation, inasmuch as Sir Edward has himself disclaimed any pretensions to severe accuracy, and also because we conceive that accuracy in such points is not of any great importance. If a novelist can secure the praise of being graphic and interesting, he may safely laugh at critics who pick holes in the accuracy of his costume, or who point out that some of his characters may have lived at entirely different epochs from those assigned in his pages. *Ivanhoe*, for example, is just as amusing a book, and just as good a work of art, however superficial may have been Sir Walter Scott's knowledge of the times which he undertook to describe. Whether it is morally justifiable for a great writer to draw so vivid a picture of a past historical epoch as totally to distort the conceptions of his confiding readers, is a question to be argued on different grounds; but the picture may be brilliant, though it is like nothing that ever existed in this prosaic world. Historical novels, it has been said on high authority, are mortal enemies to history; and as such we may leave it to historians to proscribe them. For the present we must confine ourselves to considering their position in the sphere of fiction; and one is sometimes tempted to make the remark that, if they are bad as histories, they are almost worse as novels. We shall perhaps be indicating our objections to *The Old Love and the New* most inoffensively if we point out the way in which it has suffered from the difficulties which have proved fatal to some literary artists of the highest reputation.

An historical novel, then, may be considered as oscillating between two extremes, according as the writer is mastered by, or masters, his materials. The most depressing form of the art is that in which the fiction is merely a vehicle for imparting antiquarian information, and where the course of the story is determined by the necessity of explaining the system of mediæval

* *The Old Love and the New*. By Sir Edward Creasy. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley. 1870.

fortification or the condition of the Roman currency. Into this lowest depth of all Sir Edward does not sink. He gets into a rather dangerous vein of disquisition at times, and when he touches upon nautical manoeuvres we are especially apt to catch sight of the schoolmaster in disguise. We have no objection to an animated account of a naval combat; but we have a distinct objection to receiving lectures upon the naval architecture of Athens under the thin disguise of affording explanations necessary for the story. There is a battle in *The Old Love and the New*, which has a strong resemblance to the spirited sea-fight in *Westward Ho!* At this point the lecturer begins to show himself under the veil of the novelist; but we are happy to say that the temptation is on the whole avoided, and that the Dictionary of Antiquities is used with a sparing hand. There is another temptation of a similar character from which Sir Edward has not so successfully preserved himself. If that kind of matter which undergraduates describe as "cram" is the most offensive compound, we also object very strongly to undiluted bits of history. A novelist may occasionally introduce historical characters, if he holds himself equal to the task, but he should generally steer clear of leading historical events. They are unmanageable in themselves, and contrast rather awkwardly with the purely fictitious narrative in which they are imbedded. We like to be allowed to consider the story as a bit of hitherto undiscovered history, and not to be brought into too sharp collision with the established facts. We confess that, even in the burlesque proceedings of Dumas's *Three Musketeers*, we rather resent their share in the execution of Charles I. Such fantastic beings should give a wide berth to uncompromising realities. Sir Edward Creasy introduces us to Socrates in the market-place, but he very judiciously withdraws his hero before much progress has been made in the definition of justice; and we cannot blame him for allowing one or two distinguished personages to pass, as it were, across the background. On the other hand, we are treated at rather too great length to a new account of the siege of Platæa. It is undoubtedly a very interesting story; but we confess that, when we wish for the facts, we should prefer Thucydides to Sir Edward Creasy; and when we are in the humour for fiction, we think that the awkward impediments to a free imaginative treatment imposed by the necessity of keeping, with more or less strictness, to the historic narrative, might as well have been avoided. The hero might have been provided with work of a similar character elsewhere, in which the exigencies of the story would have come less awkwardly into conflict with the truth of the situation.

We do not look upon this sin against taste as a very grave one, but another defect is more serious. An historical novelist, whose object is rather to amuse us than to give us information, should do one of two things. If he is not so thoroughly penetrated with the spirit of the times he is describing as to be able to reproduce the scenery and the sentiment of the past, he may perhaps use ancient story merely as suggesting new situations, and give us the subjects of Queen Victoria masquerading in the costume of the ancient Athenians. *Esmond* may be taken as an example of the work of a great literary artist who has succeeded in transporting himself backwards for a century and a half; though it may be doubted whether any but the very greatest writers have sufficient imaginative power to leap into still more distant epochs, and even *Esmond* may be thought by some critics to show that the author's power was rather cramped by his self-imposed conditions. Of the other variety of writing we might take Shakespeare's historical plays as the highest example, where the Greeks and Romans and the mediæval heroes make no attempt to preserve the local colouring, but are simply contemporary Englishmen placed in new positions. Either of these methods may be considered legitimate; but we fear that Sir Edward Creasy has made an awkward compromise between them. His Athenians try very hard to be genuine Athenians, although there is no great parade of learning. They evidently believe them to be living in the 87th Olympiad, and though it is true that one of them quotes Shelley—rather exceeding any of the Shakespearian feats of anachronism—he apologizes for the mistake, and requests us to believe that Shelley's lines were a translation from some Greek author. We are supposed to be living in Athens, quoting Athenian poets, believing in the Athenian divinities, and generally taking care to avoid any gross blunders. And yet the story is intrinsically unlife-like, because it is made to turn upon the loves of two beautiful young ladies for an Athenian hero. They meet him at dinner-parties, write notes to him, and carry on a flirtation with him precisely after the fashion of two of Mr. Trollope's young women. An attempt is made to explain the singular freedom allowed to these interesting heroines, so remarkably unlike the ordinary Greek sentiment; and one of them is made to show a certain indifference to murder and slave-stealing, which may certainly redeem her from being an ordinary nineteenth-century female. Still we think that when Sir E. Creasy resolved to lay his scene in Athens, he should have renounced appealing to us by the same set of motives as are perfectly natural and proper in *The Small House at Allington* or in *Barchester Towers*. A young Greek commander is not likely to be tormented by such delicate scruples as to marrying one girl after having carried on a flirtation with another, who moreover is believed to be dead, as might very naturally beset Mr. Adolphus Crosby when he resolved to jilt Lily Dale. On the other hand, if we are to take the Greek names and Greek events as merely so many pegs on which to hang

modern sentiments, Sir Edward has given himself a great deal of unnecessary trouble in adhering to Thucydides and in quoting the Dictionary of Antiquities.

We will not go further in our criticisms; but are impelled to say that *The Old Love and the New* appears to us to be a kind of literary hybrid, which is not quite an antiquarian investigation in the shape of a novel, nor a genuine picture of ancient modes of thought and sentiment, nor a modern novel arbitrarily disguised under ancient names. It has something of all three, and is deficient in the vivid and picturesque power which would be essential to any one of them; but it has few positive faults; and persons who would like to rub up the memory of an episode or two of the Peloponnesian war may glance through it without annoyance.

EGGER'S GREEK STUDIES IN FRANCE.*

THE course of lectures at the Sorbonne which M. Egger has printed in the two volumes before us takes in a still wider range of subjects than might have been looked for from the title. In some parts of the course M. Egger's history of the influence of Greek studies on French literature does not fall far short of becoming a history of French literature itself. He goes up to the beginning, or rather before the beginning, to trace what influence the Phœcean settlement at Massalia and the Greek school of Lugdunum had on the Latin speech of Gaul before it began to change into the modern French. And in his appendices he enters largely on subjects connected with the history of the Greek tongue generally, and especially with its later developments. We are not sure that these last are not the most attractive parts of the book. In the main portion of the work the interest of the English reader flags now and then, as M. Egger is discussing some of the inferior and less known French writers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. But we have no right to complain, as he is writing, not for English but for French readers, and the whole literature of France, great and small, comes within the range of his subject. On the whole we are amazed, not only at the zeal and research with which M. Egger has pried into every corner after matter in any way suited for his purpose, but at the breadth which the subject assumes in his hands and at the amount of attraction with which he has generally succeeded in clothing it. M. Egger's name suggests that it is, after all, another tongue on which he really ought to be engaged. He at any rate does his work with German thoroughness, though, if anything, his French patriotism carries him too far in the amount of influence on German scholarship which he claims for France, and in claiming for France the scholars of Strassburg.

To the Greek language, as a spoken language, the Adriatic seems to have been fixed as a natural boundary. East of that sea we may wonder at the tenacity with which it has lived on through all revolutions, and at the way in which it has remained the speech of large populations which are not Greek by descent. West of the Adriatic, we have to trace the way in which it died out in large regions which once were almost as Hellenic as Greece itself, quite as Hellenic as the Greek coast of Asia. The Greek tongue has died out, slowly but thoroughly, in Sicily and Southern Italy; it died out much sooner in the Hellenized portion of Gaul. We must bear in mind that Massalia and her colonies in Gaul and Spain were Greek cities, that in Cæsar's day Massalia was as much Hellenic ground as Athens, and that just as in Sicily, Asia, and elsewhere, the natives of the neighbouring countries had been largely Hellenized. The Roman conquest of Gaul, instead of throwing back the Greek speech, helped to advance it, so far at least as the Romans carried it with them as a language of learning and polite intercourse, even where it had no place as a popular tongue. Greek became familiar, not only at Narbonne and Lyons, but at Rheims and Trier. As M. Egger puts it, strongly but not untruly,

Devenir Romain, pour un provincial de l'Espagne ou du nord de la Gaule, c'était donc, en même temps et dans une certaine mesure, devenir Grec.

But with the Frankish, Burgundian, and Gothic invasions the Greek language died out. It naturally died out wherever it was merely a learned language, where in truth it was not so much that a language died out as that a language ceased to be studied. But it died out also, though not quite so speedily, in the Greek colonies and in the districts which had been Hellenized through them. M. Egger does not contrast this dying out of Greek in Massaliot Gaul with its long retention in Sicily. Is not the difference to be attributed to the difference between a Teutonic and a Saracen conquest? No such wide gap separated the Greek or Latin-speaking inhabitant of Gaul from his Teutonic conqueror as separated the Greek of Sicily from his Saracen conqueror. In the one case the two races could be, and were, gradually mingled together; in the other case any such mixture was impossible. In Sicily, therefore, the Normans found Greek the Christian language of Sicily in the eleventh century, and both Greek and Arabic went on under the Norman Kings, while in Gaul hardly any trace of Greek as a spoken language can be found after the fifth century.

M. Egger has next to trace out such Greek influences as still had any effect in Gaul, and indeed in the West generally, after Greek had ceased to be a tongue either spoken or generally studied. Through the whole of the mediæval period Greek was known in the West, so far as it was known at all, as the language

* *L'Hellénisme en France; Leçons sur l'Influence des Études Grecques dans le développement de la Langue et de la Littérature françaises.* Par E. Egger. 2 vols. Paris: Didier et Co. 1869.

of the Eastern Empire. This should be carefully borne in mind, because we have got so inveterately into the way of looking on the Greek tongue and Greek literature as having come to an end at that mysterious point of time, wherever it is to be placed, which divides things ancient from things modern. From the sixth to the fifteenth century Greek appeared in the eyes of Western Europe less as the speech of certain poets, philosophers, and historians who died ages before, than as the living speech of the Power which still kept up the traditions of Greece and Rome alike. But it did not attract many Western votaries in either character, though the few to whom it presented itself in either of these lights were pretty sure to look upon it in both. But the mention of Byzantine Greek brings M. Egger to one of his special subjects on which he has much to tell us both in his text and in his appendix. The appendix to the first volume consists of three most valuable essays on mediæval and modern Greek subjects, which have no special bearing on the study of Greek in France. The first of these deals with the actual state of the modern Greek language, and with the attempts made to bring it back to a state of supposed purity. M. Egger draws out, fully and forcibly, the undoubted truth that the genuine Romaic speech of later Greece stands in exactly the same relation to old Greek in which the Romance languages stand to Latin. But what is more singular, he quotes a forgotten scholar of the beginning of the last century, Lang of Altorf, as having understood this truth even then, just as we constantly stumble upon other isolated philological truths in writers far older than the time of their general or systematic acceptance. From this analogy M. Egger draws the conclusion that the attempt to revive the ancient tongue is wholly futile. He points out the difference between mere changes in vocabulary and changes in grammar. It might be possible to get rid of all the foreign words which have crept into the Greek language—all the Turkish, French, Venetian, or Slavonic intruders—and either to fall back on ancient equivalents or, when this could not be done, to form new Greek words according to ancient analogies. But it would be quite impossible to get rid of the changes in grammar which have come in, not through French or Turkish conquests, but through the working of causes common to all tongues. It is of course possible for a man whose native tongue is Romaic to write in ancient Greek, just as it is possible for a man whose native tongue is Spanish or Italian to write in Latin. But in either case the thing is done by an effort, the same effort as if he were writing in German or English. In neither case can he really restore the ancient language, not so much because of the change in vocabulary as because of the change in grammar. As M. Egger truly says, in answer to those who would represent the change as the mere result of the intrusion of foreign elements into Greece, "Ce ne sont ni les Arabes, ni les Français, ni les Turcs, qui lui ont fait perdre l'usage de l'infinif." And he shows that most of the changes which distinguish modern from ancient Greek can be traced up to a time long before the inroads of any barbarians whatever, many of them even to times which all but the most strait-laced would allow to be classical. One point, however, though M. Egger does not quite pass it by, might perhaps have been brought out somewhat more forcibly—namely, that one characteristic of all mediæval and modern Greek literature, that the men of letters have always spoken one language and written another, can be traced at least to the second century B.C. The language of the history of Polybius was not the spoken language of Megalopolis or of any part of Peloponnesus.

M. Egger's two other Greek excursions are of equal value, one on some of the Greek accounts of the fall of Constantinople, the other on the pronunciation of Greek. He does not admit either the Western or the modern Greek pronunciation as fully representing the "ancient" pronunciation—a formula which again opens infinite questions, as we cannot suppose that Homer and Pindar, or even that Æschylus and Polybius, pronounced exactly alike. But he is at least strongly in favour of following the accentual pronunciation, which we must always remember was simply turned out among ourselves in the sixteenth century, and which we still retain in most ecclesiastical and Byzantine proper names.

But we must not so dwell on the purely Greek part of M. Egger's book as to forget that his main subject lies in France. In his sixth lecture he discusses the question whether there is really any Greek element in the French language. We of course mean a direct and original Greek element; the crowds of Greek words which have come into French through Latin, or which have been borrowed in later times from the Greek or coined according to Greek analogies, are not to the purpose. Before true principles of etymology were understood, the early Greek scholars of France sought to give Greek derivations to genuine French words of the most undoubted Latin origin. And patriotic Massaliots have tried to find proofs of the existence of a Greek element in Provençal—that is, of Greek words in Provençal which have not passed through Latin. M. Egger evidently holds that no such element exists either in French or in Provençal. Nothing of the kind can be found in the earliest French literature, but there is a writer of the fourteenth century whose works abound with words of Greek origin, many of which, as M. Egger says, we should certainly have fancied to be of very modern coinage. This is Nicolas Oresme, tutor of King Charles the Fifth and afterwards Bishop of Lisieux, a man of extraordinary learning for his time, and to whom Mr. Rogers has drawn our eyes as the earliest of political economists. M. Egger gives a

long list of Greek words used by Oresme, most of which are clearly of his own introducing into French, and in many cases without their having passed through Latin:—

Tels sont *agonie, agoniser, agonisement, amphibologique, architectonique, aristocratie et aristocratiser* (vivre sous le régime aristocratique), *concentrique et excentrique, démagogue et démagogiser, démocratie, démocratique et démocratiser, métaphore et métaphorique, oligarchie, oligarchique et oligarchiser, sophisme, sophiste, sophistique, sophistiquer, sophistication, sophistérie, etc.* . . . Quelques-uns même de ces mots montrent par leur seule forme qu'on les a transcrits pour les yeux sans les avoir entendus prononcer par le peuple. Par exemple, les mots *cube* et *cubique* seraient, sans nul doute, écrits *cybe* et *cybique* si Oresme les avait recueillis dans la circulation populaire, où certainement l'ypsilon grec avait le son de l'i. C'est ainsi, en effet, qu'il écrit *yeconome* et *yeconomique*, parce que ces derniers étaient depuis longtemps passés dans l'usage avec la prononciation vulgaire de la diphthongue initiale *oi* qui, au moyen âge, avait le son d'un *i*.

All this is long before the Renaissance, long before any general prevalence of Greek studies. Whether we call the process the enrichment or the corruption of the French tongue, it was Oresme's own personal act.

We hope in another article to say something about M. Egger's treatment of French literature from the Renaissance onwards.

GUIDES OR NO GUIDES IN SWISS MOUNTAINS?*

THE upper ten thousand of the Alps are a magnificent set of men. They are strong, broad, muscular, and often, if it were not for blisters, beautiful. They achieve their greatness by real hard work, and wear it with a consciousness of being robust. They talk German with ease, if not with grammar. They never know what it is to be tired, either of climbing or of describing how they climbed. One at least among their number knows all about ozone. They carry an ice-axe in a manner which becomes both them and it, and their clothes fit them to a nicety, though sometimes badly torn about the legs. If they have a fault, it is that they are not condescending enough. To say in mixed society that it is wrong to abandon the couloir on the Hochsatteljoch for the arête because the bergschrund will be found badly bridged, is to talk in a tongue not understood of the people, and arouses justifiable indignation in those who belong to the lower walks of life. But they are punished for it. When, as the music is just over at Interlaken, and the well-dressed crowd is dispersing, two dusty travellers appear in their midst, trying with vain efforts so to walk that their coats may reach down as far as possible behind, and to appear unconscious that the skin is peeling off their faces, then, oh then, comes retribution upon the haughty mountaineers, and a well-spring of joy arises in the breast of the shortwinded common man.

Another weak point of the climbers is that they will think so much about their digestions. We English are, it must be confessed, rather plainspoken in such matters, and the French are worse. But eating and drinking are, after all, a subordinate part of the work of life, and to speak without reserve of the discipline of the interior man would cause a decorous German to open his eyes. The mountaineers as a rule seem to think that their consumption and assimilation of food is a subject of very general interest, not only to themselves, but to the public. If there could be removed from the various Alpine chronicles all that bears upon breakfasts and suppers, the sustaining character of concentrated meat, the vicious consequences of excess in bread and milk, the use and abuse of cold tea, and the invigorating properties of chocolate, there would vanish all that lends glow, so to speak, and substance to a considerable number of the narratives. In one of the minor prophets there occurs a reiterated blessing upon him who hath not eaten upon the mountains. Without going quite so far as this, we would heartily join in a benediction on any one who would do it without talking about it. In the long run one lunch is very much like another, and is chiefly interesting to those who are engaged in it at the time. From the vice of overcarefulness about digestion it is satisfactory to notice that the last book upon mountaineering is creditably free. Mr. Girdlestone is a gentleman who clearly enjoys his meals, and has been blessed by heaven with the boon of a steadfast appetite. But he has other things to talk about in his narrative of Alpine excursions. He belongs neither to the minutely geographical school nor to the severely scientific, nor again to the rollicking and, it must be confessed, particularly amusing, school of mountaineers. He is varied in his interests, and seems to have no specially distinguishing character, unless it be that through all the vicissitudes of travel and sympathy with nature and delight in physical strength there runs, as an elevating and inspiring ambition, the desire to do it cheap. The miscellaneous chapter at the end is one of the best. It has the latest news of the properties of the Club axe; the author explains the merits of third-class travelling on the Continent; he is orthodox and distinct about the use of the rope; he has advice on boots, on avalanches, on hotels, on rock-climbing, on maps, on the best way to carry eggs. Lastly, incongruous as the subject may seem, he discusses with perfect simplicity the advantages of the habit of prayer. It is but fair to say that, though we should prefer their absence, these last discussions are introduced in a way not as obtrusive as might be expected, and inoffensive in tone; but their marked repetition in a volume the moral of which is that guides in the Alps may be safely dispensed with suggests to the reader the somewhat quaint idea that the author seems to

* *The High Alps without Guides.* By the Rev. A. G. Girdlestone, M.A., late Demy of Magdalen College, Oxford. London: Longmans & Co. 1870.

consider the one kind of assistance a reasonably good substitute for the other.

Ought, then, guides to be taken for hard expeditions, or can climbers in the Alps do equally well without them? This is the question which Mr. Girdlestone proposes, and to which he himself gives a decided answer against the guides. Before venturing on a fresh judgment of the case, it will be as well to present in a summary the arguments he brings against professional help. First, the guides are expensive. A single guide costs, we may assume, for an ordinary day about six shillings, and for Mont Blanc the ridiculous sum, including provisions, of nearly five pounds. On the average, a traveller who means to climb what he can during his summer holiday, and has strength enough for the higher peaks, will spend on guides and porters for his own share about fifteen francs a day; a novice who submits to extortion may easily make it twenty-five. The second argument against guides is, to use Mr. Girdlestone's words, their "domineering disposition." That there is a world of truth in this every one will allow. A guide who is hired for the season, and becomes a delightful mixture of counsellor, companion, and valet, is indeed everything that can be desired; but the local despot of the mountain is a very different being. He insists on halting where he is accustomed to halt; he eats and drinks according to his own caprice; he is obstinate in country that he does not know; he is often lazy on the way home. On a well-trodden mountain like Monte Rosa, or an ice high-road like the Géant, he is a simple bully. Thirdly—an argument which every reader can best appreciate for himself—he is a bore; and it is much more fun to be alone.

In order to support this side of the controversy by the argument from personal experience, Mr. Girdlestone gives the history of a series of glacier expeditions undertaken by himself and other friends with no further help than that of an occasional porter as far as the beginning of the ice. What, then, is the list of peaks and passes so achieved? The Weissthor, the Brunn Pass, the Sella, the Lötchenlücke, the Tschingel, the Wetterhorn, which last required two attempts. Then follow a series of expeditions, including the Clariden Grat and the Trift Glacier Pass, and connecting Pontresina with Grindelwald—a series which for some unaccountable reason our author calls a "high-level" route, but which involves nevertheless a short piece of railway and a good many miles of high road; and then the Col du Tour, the Col du Mont Tondou, the Adler, the Alphubel, and Col d'Herens. Now the first observation which this list of passes, viewed in the light of an argument, suggests, is that not one of them, the Wetterhorn alone excepted, is of first-rate difficulty. They are all, with this one exception, average passes; such as a guide expects about twenty or thirty francs for, and the geography of which is well-established and understood. Mr. Girdlestone is clearly able to accomplish first-rate work, especially as regards the all-important quality of endurance, and he has indeed on other occasions ascended the Matterhorn and the Weisshorn; but the work described in this volume is work on second-class ground. That he can cross the Strahleck without professional help is a thing that would naturally be expected, and a porter from the Grimsel will think nothing of crossing it alone on any fine day in August. But then, the less difficult the pass, the less the tariff and the slighter the gain of being alone. Next, when we come to the details of the journeys, there is one invariable conclusion to them. Mr. Girdlestone never gets home in time. Day after day he is benighted on the rocks, or finds a lucky chalet, or reaches the inn in the early morning; and it is invariably a race between him and the daylight. The book might almost be entitled "The Difficulties and Dangers incurred from the attempt to dispense with Guides." It is superfluous to point out that loss of time in a hard ascent is in reality a considerable element of danger; but, even independently of this, the mishaps which the volume describes are such as do not happen to ordinary men on ordinary passes. To sit all night with his legs hanging over a precipice, to tumble into a bergschlund in company with some tons of ice, to slip down an ice slope roped to a beginner who has lost his alpenstock, are incidents which may have contributed to Mr. Girdlestone's enjoyment of his holidays, but against which a less ambitious traveller may fairly like to secure himself by the payment of a sovereign. Granting all that is claimed in the book before us, the simple upshot of it is that practised mountaineers may trust to themselves for the performance of any expeditions short of the hardest, at the cost of considerable difficulty and some additional risk.

There are, however, other considerations which ought not to be left out of sight in this question. Those who have known the Alps longest will be the first to admit that guides are much better mountaineers than all except the very best of amateurs. There are not half-a-dozen men in the Club of whom the common saying is true that they are "as good as a guide." Men who have been on ice and rocks all their life are, in the first place, strangely capable of endurance. In the wet bivouac and the biting wind they suffer less than the traveller; they can put up with bad food for a longer time; they are less enfeebled by cold, and less disgusted by dirt. Again, there is one quality in which no amateurs whatever can equal the best of the guides—that of quickness of sight. The eye practised from boyhood in the snow attains an almost miraculous discernment of small and distant objects. If there be a faint track across an alp in the evening light, a stone "man" in the middle of an icefall, or the neck, or even we may say from experience the cork, of a bottle

some hundred yards off on a *nevé*, which has to be descried by a traveller and his guides who are all of them new to the country, the chances are five to one that the guides will see it first. Lastly, mountaineering is in most cases a distinct trial of strength, and many peaks would be now virgin, which have often been victoriously scaled, if it were not that the chief labour of the arduous step-cutting had fallen on the massive shoulders of an Almer or a Lauener. Even if the work could in time be done by the arms of the gentlemen, the help of the guides will at all events save an hour or two in the day. There is, on the other hand, no denying that they have their weak points. They have little geographical instinct, and trust to the report of a casual acquaintance more readily than to the best of maps; they are very annoying by their feuds and cantonal rivalries, and ridiculously jealous of rising talent; they want, as Mr. Girdlestone says, constant keeping in good humour; and they are becoming—for it seems to grow upon them—very fond of eating and drinking. But let us, after all, put a question to Mr. Girdlestone. He has been in the habit of travelling with but one companion. Two is, in our opinion, a less safe number than three for ice-work, and we think that he was ill-advised; still more so when he ventured on the culpable risk of passing the Col du Tour entirely alone. But supposing that on one of these expeditions of two he became suddenly ill with the bad food of a chalet, or fell down giddy with a sunstroke, or sprained an ankle in a jump—all mishaps which may occur to the best mountaineer in the world—what would be the chances of his reaching the valley in safety when left with one comrade who would perhaps have enough to do to make his own way for himself? Mr. Girdlestone points to a series of passes which have been made in this way without a serious accident. We may point on the other hand to the one serious accident, under similar conditions, five years ago on Mont Blanc. The party was led by a good mountaineer; there were no guides; there was a fatal slip; and it would not have taken place, we may safely affirm, if guides had formed part of the expedition.

We cannot think that Mr. Girdlestone has proved his point. It is open to any one to say that guides are often used at present where they are merely an encumbrance and an expense; and further, that the better a traveller is, the more he can do in safety without them. But it is neither probable nor desirable that the higher class of expeditions can ever be independent of men who have been specially trained to the work. As for Mr. Girdlestone himself, we are of opinion that he will shortly be killed. We shall be sorry for him, as he has written a particularly pleasant book; but we shall have the satisfaction of thinking that his last act in life will have been to add a contribution to our side of the controversy.

THE TASMANIANS.*

THE welcome accorded to his work on the extinction of the native race of Tasmania has, we are glad to see, emboldened Mr. Bonwick to present us with a more copious record of the distinctive life and early origin of that singular people. His long sojourn in the country, and the keen interest taken by him in the ways and habits of the native population, aided by the opportunities afforded by official connexion with the Government, and the culture of a devotee to science, have put him in possession of a mass of materials of which we would on no account have seen the home public deprived. Even men of science will shortly have reason to be glad that some honest and faithful record of the lost tribes of Tasmania has been secured, by the effort of a competent chronicler, ere the last survivor of his race was swept from the earth. There is so much in the physical, mental, and social characteristics of that island race altogether exceptional or unique as to enlist the attention of ethnologists on behalf of whatever facts a keen-sighted and observing resident has made it the business of years to accumulate. To the general body of the public an increased knowledge of aboriginal peoples is becoming a matter of living interest, even if its valuable aid is not yet fully recognised by the historian.

Those who are brought closest into contact with aboriginal and uncultivated races are generally found to form the most favourable impression of their mental and moral state. Mr. Bonwick's long and intimate familiarity with the Tasmanian blacks led him to confirm by personal testimony much of the glowing estimate of their first French visitors. In intellect the Tasmanian aborigine was most unfairly set down by some as an upright walking monkey, a talking brute. His faculties were imitative rather than inventive; yet, so far as the narrow conditions of his existence called them into play, they sufficed for the ordinary wants of his simple lot. As Mr. Bonwick has shown in his chapter on Language, the Tasmanian spoke at least a sensible tongue, with a construction full of grammatical beauties and methodical inflections. It was in the organ of number that, like most untutored races, he was most conspicuously deficient. His vocabulary was scanty in the expression of numerals. The want of the mathematical faculty was the chief defect in the intelligent Australian youth brought by Mr. Eyre from Adelaide, who had an excellent memory for places, things, and historical facts. In natural history and woodcraft the Tasmanian showed remarkable intelligence and expertness. In diffi-

* *Daily Life and Origin of the Tasmanians*, By James Bonwick, F.R.G.S. Author of "The Last of the Tasmanians." London: Sampson Low, Son, and Marston. 1870

culties by flood and field the white traveller was helpless without the aid of his sable guide. In *physique*, and even in intellect, the coloured boys and girls in the Orphan School at Hobart Town struck Mr. Bonwick as superior to the offspring of the European convicts. These simple children of nature were never bloodthirsty or cruel. Shy and distant they ever were, but until goaded into vindictiveness they met their white visitors with a kindly and amiable demeanour. They who knew them best trusted them most. One of their weaknesses is hit off in a letter to the author from Dr. Jeanneret, once superintendent of Flinders Island. They were "unstable and frail of purpose"—a moral defect oddly traced, we are told, by some to the "unfortunate depression of their nose, which was sadly wanting in the Roman type of inflexible prominence." In the relation of the sexes they are described as pure beyond most uncivilized races. Their domestic affection was strong and sincere. A singular custom prevailed of cherishing the memory of the absent or the dead. A bone suspended in a bag from the neck over the heart reminded the wearer of a former love. So many skulls and limb bones were taken by the poor natives when they were exiled to the Straits, Captain Bateman told the writer, that when he had fifty of them in his ship they had quite a bushel of old bones among them. Manalagana, a chief, noted for his tenderness towards his wife, Taulebouey, had the jawbone of a friend, covered over with native string, hung upon his chest. "When Mungo, the black guide, in 1830, came suddenly with the roving party upon the spot where a massacre of his people had taken place, he became much affected. But when some of the rough Bushmen began kicking the bones about, he was seized with a shivering fit from the intensity of his emotion. For days he refused food, and appeared wholly given up to melancholy. He was at length forwarded to Oatlands in an exhausted state." With a moral fibre so weak and flabby as this, no wonder that the poor Tasmanian islander rapidly dwindled and died away before the inroads of rude filibusters from the mainland, or the coarse disfiguring of European gals.

In his chapter on Arts and Manufactures Mr. Bonwick gives us what little has to be said of the simple products of Tasmanian skill and labour. These were, in short, almost confined to weapons made by the men, and baskets and nets made by the women. The fibres or string of the *Corrjong* or cordage-tree, or the *Sida*, were rudely twisted by rolling the material up and down the bare thigh. The baskets were often made of the leaves of the *Dianella*, softened and made flexible over a fire. The thin bone of the hind leg of a kangaroo served for a needle, or awl, or pin. It was often kept in a hollow bone case. The Tasmanians did not, like the South Australian and other savages, use skulls for drinking-cups, nor was scapling known among them. Their weapons were simply of wood hardened in the fire, the spear and the waddy, wielded oftener against the kangaroo than against man. Theirs was not habitually a belligerent race. They had neither the wommera, or throwing-stick, of their continental neighbours, the "nulla-nulla" with a spiked top, the "lliang" with a hooked or halberd-shaped elbow to the wooden shaft, nor the boomerang. Their spears were not pointed with quartz-flint or fish-fins, like those of Australia. Celts of flint, quartz, or greenstone, however, were quickly and skilfully made by them of any stone they picked up. The stone axe was chipped to an edge, bound in with withes to a forked branch for a handle, or fitted into a stick by means of the adhesive gum of the *Xanthorrhoea*, or grass-tree, and bound with strong native string as in ancient Mexico. Rude drawings of beasts, birds, and men have been found on trees and rocks in Tasmania, as upon the sandstone of Sydney Heads, and in the huts of Macquarie Harbour. Mr. G. A. Robinson saw on the west-coast in 1831 figures of men and women with some curious hieroglyphics, like the totems of American tribes. Some simple, but not inexpressive, sketches are engraved by Mr. Bonwick as seen by Mr. Commissary Browne upon a tree, including a kangaroo, the sun, the moon, some snakes, and men in a boat. The art of drawing with charcoal, a pastime of the blacks, was called *Macoolona* by the Oyster Bay tribe, and *Pallapoiarena* by the men of Port Davey in the south. This is an exception to the rule that their language is deficient in words for abstract or general ideas. Upon the subject of the native grammar and vocabulary Mr. Bonwick is not so clear and precise as we could have wished. His knowledge of the island tongues is evidently limited, and his facts are in general but secondhand. He has brought into his chapter on Language a number of diverse and conflicting statements, without the power of sifting or reconciling them. The most copious vocabulary of Tasmanian words is no doubt that of Dr. Milligan. Not so much as might have been expected has been done by Mr. G. A. Robinson, the "Protector," who was so much with the natives, to increase our stock of aboriginal roots. An eccentric Dane, Jorgen Jorgenson, added 400 words to Dr. Milligan's 2,000. Four different dialects at least have been distinguished within the narrow limits of the island, all probably, like the varieties of Gaelic near home, offshoots from a single primary stock. The general affinities of those tongues connect them with the Papuan family of languages, which Mr. Logan's researches tend further to affiliate with those of the primitive inhabitants of India. The phonetic elements of the Dravirian formation, that gentleman remarks, are numerous, and some of them have a somewhat African and Australian character. The resemblance between the Australian and Dravirian pronouns was first observed by Mr. Norris. The plurals in the Australian system, with which that of Tasmania concurs, are formed like the ordinary Dravirian by the plural postfixes, the Dravirian special

m plurals being absent, unless they are represented by *wa*. The Australian has a distinct dual formed by a Draviro-Australian plural particle, *li*, *le*, *dli*, &c. Of the existing Dravirian family Mr. Logan distinguishes three branches—the Dravirian proper, the Kol, and the Australian—the Tasmanian coming under the latter group, the most ancient, he considers, of the whole; each having had an independent development, and having been exposed to widely different influences, internal and external, from a very remote period.

Evidences of this kind naturally lead on to the question of the origin of the Tasmanians themselves, and the geographical changes which are involved in the separation of nations once linguistically one. Mr. Bonwick's geological studies and tastes qualify him to speak here with firmer authority, and the observations he has personally made throw much light upon the physical changes of which these regions bear witness. No portion of his book will be read with greater interest. The facts which he has accumulated, supported as they are by the reasonings of independent students of geology and natural history, tend strongly to confirm the view that nothing but a depression of land is required to account for the isolation of New Guinea, New Zealand, Tasmania, Madagascar, Ceylon, and the Indian peninsula. A vast southern continent at some period of the tertiary or quaternary formation comprised the whole of these lands now separated by the ocean, extending with almost equal probability eastwards to the continent of South America. This conclusion coincides with that of Professor Huxley, that the Australoid and Negroid groups of his ethnological nomenclature were in existence when there was land between Australia and the Deccan on the one side, and between South Africa, Malaya, and New Guinea on the other. Soundings on the line of separation show that no such deep depression need be supposed to have taken place here as has been rendered highly probable between Europe and America. Dr. Hooker has spoken of the floral intimacy, to the extent of thirty per cent., which he found between numerous plants common to New Zealand, New Holland, South Africa, Tasmania, and South America. The "rukk" of Madagascar, of which as romantic tales were heard by Marco Polo as by Sindbad himself, had its congeners in the gigantic *moa* or *dinornis* of Australia and New Zealand. The late Mr. Jukes established the fact of the gradual sinking of the north-east coast of Australia, in accounting for the existence of the Great Barrier reef, a coral bank twelve hundred miles long. At certain points the coast is now rising. A reef found in Rivoli Bay, off South Australia, by Flinders in 1802, seven miles long, is now fourteen. Lacepede Bay has lost nearly one-half of its depth since the French expedition sounded its waters. Port Philip Bay is said to be rapidly rising. The counter-action of the same hidden forces may have gradually sunk the once existing continent during hundreds or thousands of years. Ethnological similarities, combined with those of language, come in to complete the chain of proof that the parent race from which the Hill men of India, the Hottentots, and the Tasmanians, are offshoots roamed over a vanished continent, extending across the equator before the birth of the Bengal tiger or the African elephant. The superstitions of the Tasmanian blacks connect them, Mr. Bonwick remarks, with the Indian Hill men. The parent race had apparently no knowledge of agriculture, or even of the care of stock. Even the dog was unknown to the Tasmanian aboriginal. His use of small fires in a country so rich in timber has been thought singular. Can it be that the region whence he came was a warmer one, less rich in forests, or even a vast plain? Did the primitive race from whom he separated roam in scattered families, and after ages of isolation eventually become gregarious? As the aborigines have never to all appearance advanced in other respects, it is reasonable to suppose, with our author, that their habits in connexion with fire-making were those of the original inhabitants. It may be that in this narrow island we have had stereotyped, and have seen extinct, the actual type of primeval man. Evidence exists of the race originally spread over the Australian continent having been driven, by successive wars of invasion, from what are now the Papuan lands of New Guinea and New Caledonia to seek a shelter in Van Diemen's Land. They were in their original hunting-grounds when their land was joined to New Zealand on the east and Victoria on the north, when the Andamaners and curly-haired tribes of Malaya and India were reaching their present abodes. Retreating before more powerful foes, the earth, it may be, sinking behind them, they paused at length at the southernmost point of what remained of a mighty continent, where the ocean stayed their steps. That island became their tomb. After ages of rude and ignorant, but mild, and for savages comparatively peaceful life, they dwindled and perished after a few generations of the encroaching rule of the white man. There is much in the history of this simple race, under the teaching of science, as well as in the record of their daily life and ways, as told by one who, like the author before us, knew and loved them well, to invest the now extinct Tasmanians with lively and abiding interest.

ROBINSON'S ALPINE FLOWERS FOR ENGLISH GARDENS.*

NOT before it was wanted, Mr. Robinson has taken in hand the whole topic of rock-gardening, natural and artificial, and set himself to disperse the clouds of doubt and unbelief that until

* *Alpine Flowers for English Gardens.* By William Robinson, F.L.S., Author of "Parks, Promenades, and Gardens of Paris." With numerous illustrations. London: John Murray. 1870.

recently hung about it. Instead of hugging the cheerless superstition (akin to another which he has before dissipated in reference to subtropical plants) that Alpine plants cannot be acclimatized in our lowlands, he undertakes to convince all comers "that there is no Alpine flower that ever charmed the traveller's eye with its brilliancy that cannot successfully be grown in these islands." It is impossible not to feel an interest in the subject. If public and private floriculture is to yield its maximum of surprise and delight, it cannot rely mainly on glass-house and indoor tending, but rather must depend on its outdoor achievements. And, further, the bedding-out system, which readers of Mr. Robinson's former works will not be surprised to find him designating as "the best possible appliance for stealing from nature every grace of form, beauty of colour, and vital interest," must eventually take secondary rank in that scheme of gardening for the many and the few alike which is fortunate in having for its advocate one who can discourse upon it with so much practical experience, and yet in so pleasant and enthusiastic a tone. Assuredly, if our author can help us to replace in some degree our too artificial and formal modern floriculture by the natural relief of Alpine plants, dwarf orchids, treelike mosses, evergreen shrublets, and bulbous flowers from lily to harebell, he will have won the fullest title to rank as our guide in a science which he has made so entirely his own. He begins in the best possible way, by going to the original habitats of these acclimatized foreigners. Forty pages of his first part recount the adventures which befell him in a little Alpine tour, not made with the ordinary Englishman's idea of realizing the vulgar interpretation of "excelsior," but with a view to seeing the silvery Saxifrages in the open air, as Mr. Robinson did on the Grande Salève; to discovering the Cobweb House-leek growing wild, by the thousand, in the Saas valley; to examining the cavellike sides of huge boulders lined with the *Viola biflora*, and their tops coiled with a canopy of the Alpine Rose (pp. 95, &c.); and to scaling the crest of Monte Campione, from Lecco on the Lake of Como, to hunt out the rare *Silene Elisabethe*, or Elizabeth's Catchfly, which rewarded his enterprise at the precise point of his chase when he was beginning to despair of it. For this happily described and illustrated episode, serving as it does for admirable little notices of classes of Alpine plants, such as the Androsaces, the Gentians, the Saxifrages, the Silenes, the volume would be abundantly worth its cost; but its value is much enhanced by the author's home experience and acquaintance with every public and private collection of Alpine flowers in this country, which enables him to speak with authority on the conditions essential to the healthy and successful culture of a race of plants which even more professional authorities than the Duke of Argyll have supposed incapable of being reared in our low-lying regions.

Mr. Robinson's hints on rock-gardening will meet the case of those who have a large extent of ground available for the purpose, as well as of those who can only spare six feet or so of the turf of their garden for the accommodation of an artificial rock-bed. Nature does not favour all alike, and space at command makes all the difference. Some lessons, however, deducible from the study of Alpine vegetation seem to be of universal application. One *sine quâ non*, and perhaps the chief, is depth of fitting soil, thorough drainage, and ample root-scope. All this is observable in the interstices of an Alpine crag, where a *débris* of earth, sand, grit, and broken stone promotes drainage and evaporation, fills every narrow chink, and allows roots of little gems that adorn the surface with but an inch depth of verdure or blossom to imbed themselves amidst the flat rock to the extent sometimes of a yard or more. Of course in artificial rock-making this has to be borne in mind, and the author cautions us accordingly against suburban rock-work of spoilt brick, cement, and clinkers, the beau idéal of "bricklayers' arrangements, and recommends, for the most part, oblique or vertical fissures, the former being so arranged that the upper pieces of rock may not overlap those beneath them. This will ensure what is a second essential for Alpine settlers amongst us—namely, sufficient moisture in hot weather, and yet full exposure to the sun. The shade and drip of trees are inimical to the rockery; whereas such a disposition of soil and rocks that the rain may permeate and not fall off them, keeping up a moisture like that which enables plants on the Alps or Pyrenees to benefit and not suffer from the fierce rays that rest upon them, is obviously a condition of success which must be aimed at by every one who would clothe any part of his garden-space with Alpine or sub-Alpine vegetation. Without stopping to note the author's minuter directions for disposing masses of rock-work with an eye to these objects, we must pass to a third hint of considerable importance as touching the clothing of a rockery with Alpine plants. This "choicer jewellery of vegetable life" approaches its perfection where there is no taller vegetation to stifle it. The Gentians, and such like plants, flourish in mountain air, not simply because of its purity and clearness, but because the elevation forbids the jostling of coarser-growing rivals. "Take a healthy patch of *Silene acaulis* (the Cushion Pink, or Alpine Moss Campion), by which the summits of some of our highest mountains are sheeted over with rosy crimson of various shades, and plant it two thousand feet lower down in suitable soil, keeping it moist enough, and free from weeds, and you may grow it to perfection; but leave it to nature, in the same neighbourhood, and soon the same grasses will run through and cover it, excluding the light, and finally and quickly killing the hardy and vigorous, but diminutive Rock-Campion" (p. 6). The ghosts of two or three legibly engraved

labels, bearing the words *Silene acaulis*, on bits of rock-work where ferns and wild strawberries have got the upper hand, and where the *Silene* itself has been long defunct, enforce to our mind the truth of this most sound and intelligible counsel. In a fairly sunny and open position, as Mr. Robinson states elsewhere, hardy ferns may be combined with Alpine plants in the rock-garden; but fair play to the Catchflies, Gentians, &c., demands such amplitude of space as one gets an idea of in some of those extensive rock-gardens which are illustrated here and there in his pages, such as Mr. Backhouse's, or Sir Charles Lanport's, or the rare and nature-aided fairy-glens where waterfalls are fringed with yuccas and pampas grasses, and the visitor picks his way across the streams over stepping-stones that are begirt with Bog-bean and *Carex pendula*, the Golden Villarsia, and the white and yellow Water-lilies, with their Scotch and American sub-species. Where such resources exist, it is not too much to expect that a spot or two should be kept clear and apart for the rarest and most diminutive of Alpine flowers, and it is an indication of the pains and care already bestowed on this branch of floriculture in this country that one of the above-named gentlemen has a select portion of his rock-garden fenced off from the rest by an irregular little canal to keep off the slugs which would finish one of these rarer Alpines in less than a single meal; while the other actually constructs retreats for toads in his rock-work, in order that, comfortably housed, they may act as a permanent slug-police. Mr. Robinson not unnaturally questions the effectiveness, in an artistic point of view, of an old toad squatted on a tuft of Gentian.

Another valuable hint for making and planting rock-work is that, as a rule, much more vegetation than rock-work should be visible (p. 16). It is so in the fatherland of the plants under consideration, and, as our author points out, "only when gentians and silvery cudweeds, minute white buttercups, and strange large violets and harebells that waste their strength in flowers, and fairy daffodils that droop their heads as gracefully as snowdrops, are seen forming a dense turf of living enamel work, are Alpine flowers seen in their fairest aspects." Of course if there were unlimited space at command, it would be meet to exhibit great cliffs with but "a stain of flower or fern here and there"; and there are cases in which stone and plants may be seen with advantage in almost equal proportions; but the most attainable effect within the imitator's reach, in a limited range, is the abundant drapery of vegetation out of which an occasional stone is seen to crop. Mr. Robinson, true to his mission, however, bestows much of his first part on the consideration of Alpine flower-growing on a small scale, and shows two or three ways in which, by digging two feet deep and draining to an outlet near, and making of rough stones of different sizes a margin about a foot above the turf, a rock-bed may be formed for the neater Sedums and Sempervivums, the choicer Saxifrages, Dianthus, Forget-me-nots, and Gentians. These beds will come up again and again, and, well-watered and well weeded, will present fresh floral interest from the dawn of spring to almost the end of October. Other fitting places for rock-work and its Alpine clothing are shrubbery edges; ruined old walls, on which not only the Cheddar pink, but the Pyrenean *Saxifraga longifolia* will flourish; and low boundary walls, a capital device for beautifying which is to cover them with Alpine verdure and blossom instead of leaving them bare. Then there are the Lilliputian mounds, as at Battersea, where Alpine succulents are disposed in mosaic beds with the house-leeks and stonecrops for outer rings, and the *Escheveria metallica* (p. 207) for a striking centre. Or, again, the mixed borders, which, if once more in fashion, would give ample space and verge enough for the choicest Alpine varieties, as well as for those souvenirs of travel which every tourist possessed of eyes and heart will have his own fancy for acclimatizing, with, let us hope, the same success as the Nottinghamshire clergyman whose garden contains "Acanthus from the walls of the Coliseum, Cyclamen from the tomb of Virgil, and Anemone from the cliffs of Sorrento."

We must pass over many other hints as to the *locus in quo* Mr. Robinson would have us arrange our Alpine treasures, whether large or small; and we can only glance at one or two points to be avoided. Clinkers, we have already said, make bad rock-work. So does any vitrified material. Tree-roots and stumps, for which the untutored mind has an innate affection, ought to be ruthlessly discarded. And, except for growing from seed, pots ought not to be so much as thought of for Alpine flowers, if one has ever so little of a rockery. As to so-called rockeries, Mr. Robinson has given sketches of nine or ten for avoidance; the style which groups its Alpine rarities within an iron railing with a vase in the centre; the "Brummagem" arch of burrs and clinkers; the vista of all the Alps from the front door; the porcupine-quill type, which skirts a coach-drive, and imperils coachmen on dark nights; and divers other abominations which are hit off as happily by the pen as by the pencil. Under our author's guidance we have an unerring security for good taste, and indeed in the whole of this pleasant volume we do not remember having lighted upon a single suggestion of even a doubtful nature, unless it be where, in his little tour (p. 104), he is so struck with the wild and grim beauty of the struggle of life and death, in a larch wood above Macugnaga—some trees lying dead, barked and bleached among flowers that crowded up around them, and others leaning half-erect amidst their fresh green companions, some dashed bodily over the cliffs, and others only holding on by their roots—that he suggests something analogous for our ornamental woods or wood-skirts. What might be our opinion if we saw it carried out, it is impossible to say. But as a rule it is

unsafe to mimic the grander and sublimer phases of nature. It remains to glance at some of those classes of flowers and plants wherewith Mr. Robinson desires to have our rockeries more generally clothed, and in which the botanist and the curious in wild-flowers ought to feel an equal interest, seeing that there is scarce one of these Alpine treasures, by which so much store is justly set, but has its wild and humble cousin and namesake in English dell and glade, or crag, or wall, or headland. More than a good half of the book before us is devoted to an account in alphabetical order of the thrifts, cresses, windflowers, wallflowers, harebells, chickweeds, cudweeds, sandworts, saxifrages, house-leeks, stone-crops, heaths, catchflies, pinks, and violets, which, under Latin names, invite us to cultivate them as strangers from regions of Alpine elevation and character. Some are for verdure, some for mass of floral beauty, very many for both; the unfading ground of the carpet remaining the same, when the colours which fleck it from spring to autumn have died away. Full particulars how and when to propagate these, whether by seed, bulb, or division of the roots, are given in the second part, which will be found invaluable for the practical inquirer, though it is a somewhat unmanageable field for the reviewer. For in truth it is an *embarras de richesses*. Suppose we want a ground-work of dwarf Alpine silvery-leaved plants. If they are to be succulents, we may have an ample choice among the silvery section of the saxifrages (cf. p. 41, pp. 318-19). If not succulents, there is the best of all dwarf silvery-leaved plants, the *Antennaria Tomentosa* (or Silvery Cat's-foot), a carpet of an inch high, which serves as a splendid ground for single flowers or groups of the dwarf scarlet lily, and has this high virtue, which Mr. Leo Grindon notices, that no slug will ever come nigh it. Or we may have the *Cerastium Biebersteinii*, a very silvery variety of the better known *Cerastium Tomentosum*, and another, less downy and silvery, called *grandiflorum*, all of them easily cultivated. The virtue of *Cerastium Tomentosum* is its endurance of any amount of clipping. Of the same silvery foliage are the "Senecios" or "groundsels." If the cushion or carpet of foliage is wanted in glistening green, we have but to turn to another section of the Saxifrage, the mossy varieties, of which there are said to be seventy known; or to the *Lycopodium dendroideum*, if the preference is for diminutive fern foliage; while *Silene acaulis* or *Silene Alpestris* will satisfy those who like their carpet dotted with minute pink or white blossoms. A glaucous verdure is supplied by the *Sedum glaucum*, the *Silene maritima*, and the *Androsace Helvetica*, a member of a charming family, one of which, the *imbricata*, is of silvery foliage. The flower of the *Helvetica* is white, with a yellow eye. Darker greens are not wanting. The foliage of the *Begonia Veitchii* is of a glossy dark green, with large vivid vermilion flowers as large as a crown. In boggy ground the *Calla palustris*, or "bog arum," supplies another dark green carpet, diversified by its white blossoms; and the mention of bogs reminds us that Mr. Robinson's observations have convinced him that a spongy ground is the chosen home of the brilliant-hued *Gentiana Bavarica*. For masses of colour, arising from bloom rather than foliage, we may mention the deep lustrous blue of the *Gentianella* (*Gentiana acaulis*), known, but rarely seen in masses, in our flower-beds; the rosy red of the *Erica carnea*, or spring heath (208); the yellow of the *Genista tinctoria*, a foot and a half high in early summer; and the rosy lilac of the *Daphne Coccinea*, with many others. One of the most effective blendings of flower and foliage which Mr. Robinson's little tour enabled him to realize was that of the large and beautiful purple flowers of the *Viola calcarata*, with a dense silvery turf of cudweeds and *Senecio incanus*. "It was not the effect of 'massing' flowers, but that of 'shot' silk." For the manifold varieties of individual flowers, the anemone, the dianthus, the harebell, the violet, the forget-me-not, and the interesting special sections devoted to the auricula, the polyanthus, the crocus, and the carnation and picotee, we must refer our reader to the book itself. He will find its interest unflagging, and the evidences it affords of the culture, taste, and observation of its author manifold and unquestionable.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

WE had hoped that Dr. Ebeling's biography of Count von Beust* would throw some light on the guiding political ideas of the statesman whose thankless task it is to keep the Austrian Empire together against its will, and to contend with the tremendous centrifugal force that radiates from Vienna. Our expectations have been disappointed. The book, like Hesketh's Life of Bismark, is evidently inspired by the Minister himself; but Count Beust is not, like Count Bismark, a revolutionist in diplomatic and political tactics, who ostentatiously proclaims his principles of action, and disconcerts statesmen of the old school by his reckless defiance of time-hallowed precedents. Count Beust is too wary for such a policy, and his life-long experience as a Minister of a small State compelled to elude the jealousies of powerful neighbours has effectually repressed any original tendency to indiscreet frankness. A double portion of his spirit seems to have been vouchsafed to his biographer, who has proved himself a consummate proficient in the art of saying much and telling little. In the first place, only half the work is

yet published; in the second, the first volume does not, and we are distinctly informed that the second will not, contain anything that anybody cares particularly to know. The history of Count Beust's career as an Austrian Minister is to be almost wholly omitted, and attention is to be chiefly directed to his conduct of the affairs of Saxony. The politics of Saxony in the pre-Bismarkian era may be interesting geologically or archeologically, and it is very probable that Count Beust's dexterous administration of them deserves to be recorded as a pattern for incipient diplomatists. But this is not the sort of information which a reader expects in the biography of a statesman who is, or should be, a leading agent in the most important transactions. For good or for evil, Count Bismark has changed the face of Germany; the petty intrigues and cabals of petty German Courts have been replaced by larger interests, and it can serve as no recommendation to a statesman to show that he was once a proficient in them. It is true that Count Beust's ability according to some, his officiousness according to others, enabled him on several occasions to make a figure in European politics quite out of proportion to the smallness of the State he represented. The chapters on the Crimean and Italian wars in this volume display him in the light of a shrewd observer of events, a judicious counsellor of other Courts, and the inditer of some able despatches and State papers, several of which are given at length. Especial foresight is claimed for him as regards the Italian struggle, but the documents by which this claim might be established are withheld. The history of the part played by him as Saxon Minister in the troublesome years 1848-50 is interesting, and exhibits him as distinguished by energy and resolution as well as tact. The work has not yet reached the period of his shortsighted and disastrous participation in the Schleswig-Holstein contest; nor can we conjecture how far the author will be allowed to narrate the extraordinary revolution, almost unparalleled in the history of statesmen, which ejected Count Beust from the Ministry of a petty kingdom to exalt him to the direction of a great empire. The element of human interest is almost totally wanting; we are permitted to learn hardly anything about Count Beust's private character; he appears in the light of a mere diplomatic machine. In this respect the biography contrasts unfavourably with Hesketh's tawdry and vulgar, but undeniably breathing and speaking, portrait of Count Beust's Prussian rival. There were no doubt excellent reasons why, in a work written under the Count's immediate influence, reticence should be observed both respecting the traits and incidents of private life, and the momentous public interests at present in his hands; only, so long as these continued to operate to the same extent as at present, it was hardly worth while to write his biography at all.

"Pictures from the Petty States of Germany,"* by C. Braun, are a series of historical and political sketches, devoted to the exposure of the weaknesses and vices of those principalities. There is probably an almost perfect feeling of unanimity on this branch of the subject in Germany; no grievances are less likely to command sympathy than those of the dispossessed or tributary princelings. Respecting the substitution of Prussian supremacy in their place opinions will differ. Herr Braun is an advocate for it as the only path to national unity, and his case is ably put. His last chapter contains a reply to the criticisms from the other side of the Rhine.

Dr. Julius Grossman† has narrated, with as much fullness as the imperfection of the record allows, the history of Count Mansfeld's romantic, adventurous, and unfortunate expedition to Hungary in 1626, the failure of which may be considered to close the first period of the Thirty Years' War. Dr. Grossmann admits the miscarriages of his hero, but attributes them to the interference of the King of Denmark. His work is partly intended as a vindication of Mansfeld against the narrow and prejudiced criticism of his latest biographer, Villermont. It is written in an attractive style, and is as generally interesting as can be expected, in a monograph of an obscure subject where every step of the narrative has to be carefully investigated and made good.

A history of the Bonaparte family in exile would be a very entertaining book. "King Jerome and his Family"‡ is less of a contribution to this theme than might have been expected, seeing that it embodies the communications of persons in continual connexion with his Westphalian Majesty for the fifteen years following his dethronement. It consists, however, merely of passages from a diary kept by the widow of one of Jerome's dependents, an officer whose name is not given in full. These are interspersed with letters, many from Jerome himself, but nearly all of a business or merely formal character. These materials are put together after the death of all the parties by a lady whose name is also withheld, and whose work savours of bookmaking for the benefit of the deceased officer's children. There seems, however, no reason to doubt the authenticity of the book, and some interesting particulars may be gleaned from it. It is in substance a picture of the pecuniary embarrassments natural to an exiled prince of Jerome's extravagant habits. His letters will not raise his character; they are vulgar and incorrect. The greater part relate to

* *Bilder aus der deutschen Kleinstaaterei*. Von C. Braun. Leipzig: Wigan. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Des Grafen Ernst von Mansfeld letzte Pläne und Thaten*. Von Julius Grossmann. Breslau: Kern. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *König Jérôme und seine Familie in Exil. Briefe und Aufzeichnungen*. Herausgegeben von Ernestine von L. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Nutt.

* *Friedrich Ferdinand Graf von Beust. Sein Leben und vornehmlich staatsmännische Wirken*. Von Dr. F. W. Ebeling. Bd. 1. Leipzig: Wöller. London: Nutt.

the sale of his estate at Schönan, of which his military dependent was in charge. The services of the latter were supposed to be remunerated by a salary, but this was a pleasing fiction. Not until 1855 did Jerome grant him a pension, and this, upon his death, was withdrawn from his widow by Prince Napoleon.

"Two worlds," says Dr. Pierson*, "dispute the possession of Russia—the European and the Oriental." His work is designed to illustrate the manner in which Russia has at various periods of its history been subjected to European and Asiatic influences, and consists of a series of historical sketches, briefly but vividly describing its condition under Rurik and his successors, under the Golden Horde, and in the middle of the sixteenth and of the seventeenth centuries, with a chapter on the False Demetrius. The work does not seem to be the result of very profound research, but is lively and agreeable, and as impartial as can be expected considering the present critical situation of German nationality and culture in the Russian dominions. The writer considers the description of the Russians as Tartars a great exaggeration, but holds that the nation has nevertheless been profoundly affected by Tartar influences. An appendix describes the flourishing condition of Livonia in the first half of the sixteenth century, when it appears to have been a true land of Cockaigne.

"The Shore of the Cyclopes and Sirens"† is the shore of Naples and Sicily. It would seem difficult to produce an attractive and really novel work upon a theme so well-worn, and that the difficulty has been so triumphantly overcome is due to a rare combination of qualities on the author's part. To philological and archæological learning Herr Rossmann unites width of culture, liberality of sentiment, fancy, refinement, and a love of art. These varied gifts and attainments enable him to illustrate in turn every phase of his infinitely varied subject; while the numerous transitions are effected with such skill that the impression produced is that of the vast and imperceptibly changing panorama presented by the country itself. The chaste and pellucid style is also an unfailing source of pleasure. In the topics themselves novelty of course cannot be expected; the charm consists in their treatment. Naples, Pompeii, Capri, and Etna naturally afford occasion for a series of brilliant pictures; the chapters most interesting from their subject and containing the most original information are perhaps those on Præstium and on the transformation of the ancient deities into the Virgin and Saints of modern Italian mythology.

It is not usual to find a work on industrial questions, teeming with columns of statistics, so thoroughly interesting as Herr G. Schmoller's book on the journeyman-trades of Germany.‡ It should be particularly attractive to English readers as a graphic delineation of a great social revolution through which we have ourselves mainly passed, and which, having originated in this country, is now making the tour of the world. In the description of the unequal conflict between great manufacturing establishments and small manufacturing tradesmen; of the unceasing tendency to the division of labour and the vast changes in social organization effected thereby; of the introduction of railways, with their incalculable train of consequences, we may see a phase of development through which we have already passed repeated upon a larger scale. The facts deduced from Herr Schmoller's statistical tables are often most curious and suggestive. Such changes as he describes can of course only be effected at the cost of much temporary suffering, and the urgency with which he demands the interposition of Government may not be wholly uncalled for, although his only practical suggestion seems to be that of an improvement in the technical education of the minor craftsmen. The other propositions amount to an appeal to the Government to fight the battle of one-half of its artisan population against the other, the former being inevitably the losing side. An exhortation to free-trade and the reduction of military establishments would have been sounder in theory, though probably at present equally unavailing in practice. It should be noted that the danger of a social convulsion in Germany is much diminished by the general improvement in the condition of the preponderating agricultural class.

Dr. Schenkel's "Luther in Worms and in Wittenberg" § is less a biography than a party pamphlet, which, however, derives considerable importance from the writer's position as one of the most prominent representatives of Liberal Protestantism in Germany. In so far as it is biographical it contains nothing novel, nor anything important except the earnestness with which the pre-eminent significance of the earlier portion of Luther's career as a reformer is insisted upon, while it is rather implied than asserted that he subsequently receded to some extent from his original position. The really important part of the work is the conclusion, in which Dr. Schenkel traces the path which German Protestantism ought in his opinion to follow, if it is to operate in Luther's spirit, and prosecute his labours to their logical termination. The points chiefly insisted upon are the rejection of the sacramental dogmas obtaining in Lutheran churches at present, and the separa-

tion of Church and State. The latter question has hitherto attracted little attention in Germany. It will be interesting to observe how far Dr. Schenkel here represents the general feeling of German Protestants.

The third edition of Adolf Stahr's well-known and admirable criticisms on Goethe's female characters* is remarkable for an appendix containing an account of Minna Herzlieb, the "Ottile" of his *Wahlverwandtschaften*, and the subject of most of those sonnets which Bettina wished the world to believe addressed to herself. Unfortunately but little light is thrown on the only important part of Minna Herzlieb's life—the period of her acquaintance with Goethe. The attachment was without question purely Platonic, and existed, we suspect, principally on the poet's side. The correspondence is said to have been destroyed, but this Herr Stahr refuses to believe. Minna's history after the cessation of her acquaintance with Goethe is exceedingly sad, a chronicle of incessant disappointments culminating in an unhappy marriage, which led in its turn to insanity.

An essay on the English newspaper press, by Dr. von Holtzendorff †, is interesting and judicious, but deficient in that precise information concerning the character and standing of different journals which lay quite within the grasp of German diligence, and which we should have expected to find. We certainly have no reason to be dissatisfied with the author's remarks on the English weekly press, which he describes as the salutary corrective of the errors of the daily, and as entirely unparalleled in any other country.

Judging from the first volume of the translation, which is all that we have before us at present, Jonckbloet's history of Dutch literature ‡ will be a most comprehensive work. The author lays his foundations broad and deep, and occupies his first volume with discussions on the obscurest points of mediæval Dutch poetry; valuable indeed, but chiefly interesting to philologists. It remains to be seen whether he will display similar ability in those departments of criticism into which the æsthetic element enters, and will deal as efficiently with the really living and readable literature of Holland, information respecting which may reasonably be desired by the world at large.

Kurschat's Lithuanian Dictionary§ rather singularly commences with the German-Lithuanian portion, which is of course of limited value except to Lithuanian readers. It is exceedingly comprehensive, so much so that the first part does not include the whole of A, and it will probably be long before the learned compiler arrives at the more important portion of his task. It only represents the language as spoken in Prussia. A preface contains some interesting particulars respecting Lithuanian pronunciation and orthography, and the system introduced by the author to obviate the irregularities of the latter.

The study of the Talmud has made sufficient progress to permit the development of a crop of literary amenities, as well as literary discoveries. The French Academy recently crowned a work on the geography of the Talmud, by M. Neubauer. Dr. Morgenstern ||, in a little work especially devoted to the subject, not only impeaches the proceeding itself, but charges the Academy with evident incompetence in this field of study, inasmuch as, according to him, M. Neubauer has not merely misunderstood the sense of the Talmud, but has plagiarized passages by wholesale from more erudite writers. It remains for the Academy and the author to repel these charges. Whatever the merits of this particular controversy, it is certain that, whether from national jealousy or other causes, German scrutiny of French scholarship is in these days singularly searching; and that the latter has of late been much too frequently placed in the balance with an unsatisfactory result.

Von Mädler ¶, the famous astronomer, has published a collection of the discourses and essays which he has for a long time past been in the habit of delivering on astronomical subjects. Being intended for general circulation, they are in no way abstruse, and may be followed with interest and satisfaction by any educated reader. A paper on astronomy in England contains a serviceable list of English observatories. Among the most elaborate of the other essays are one on astronomy as a subject of tuition in schools; and another on the services rendered to geographical science by Russia, in which country the author is established.

The second part of Dr. Büchner's "Place of Mankind in Nature" ** is as clear, as lively, and as shallow as the first. There is not a novel idea in the book, the nearest approach to originality arising from the writer's indebtedness to Professor Schaafhausen, who has not yet obtained the ear of the European public, but some of whose remarks on the affinities of the *bimano* and *quadrumana* of certain

* *Goethe's Frauengestalten*. Von Adolf Stahr. Dritte vermehrte Ausgabe. 2 Bde. Berlin: Guttentag. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston.

† *England's Presse*. Von F. von Holtzendorff. Berlin: Charisius. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *W. J. A. Jonckbloet's Geschiede der niederländischen Literatuur*. Autorisirte deutsche Ausgabe von W. Berg. Bd. 1. Leipzig: Vogel. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Wörterbuch der litauischen Sprache*. Von F. Kurschat. Th. 1. Halle: Buchhandlung des Waisenhauses. London: Williams & Norgate.

|| *Die französische Academie und die "Geographie des Talmuds"*. Von Dr. J. Morgenstern. Berlin: Schlesinger. London: Nutt.

¶ *Reden und Abhandlungen über Gegenstände der Himmelskunde*. Von Dr. J. H. von Mädler. Berlin: Oppenheim. London: Williams & Norgate.

** *Die Stellung des Menschen in der Natur . . . oder Woher kommen wir? Wer sind wir? Wohin gehen wir?* Lief. 2. Leipzig: Thomas. London: Williams & Norgate.

* *Aus Russland's Vergangenheit. Kulturgeschichtliche Skizzen*. Von Dr. W. Pierson. Leipzig: Düncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Vom Gestade der Cyklopen und Sirenen*. Briefe von W. Rossmann. Leipzig: Grunow. London: Nutt.

‡ *Zur Geschichte der deutschen Kleingewerbe im 19. Jahrhundert*. Von G. Schmoller. Halle: Buchhandlung des Waisenhauses. London: Nutt.

§ *Luther in Worms und in Wittenberg, und die Erneuerung der Kirche in der Gegenwart*. Von Dr. D. Schenkel. Elberfeld: Friderichs. London: Nutt.

regions are undoubtedly entitled to attention. Dr. Büchner's own answer to the second question propounded in his title-page, to which it is the object of the present instalment of his work to reply, is briefly and simply, "Monkeys"! He considers that man has unjustifiably exaggerated the difference between himself and his humble kindred, and misses no opportunity of exclaiming to him, "Remember that thou art a monkey!" He states himself to be in possession of a great number of highly interesting facts tending to exalt the intelligence of animals, and he has certainly collected a great number of very dubious ones tending to depress that of savage races. This latter department of the controversy is generally conducted on both sides by a process of "natural selection" very natural to controversialists, as it consists in selecting from the loose statements of travellers and missionaries whatever may happen to suit the particular view advocated by the writer, and ignoring all the rest. Dr. Büchner follows the usual practice in this respect. Great use is made of the Darwinian theory, and its applicability to the human race is assumed as self-evident.

Ludwig Nohl's work on the development of the opera since Gluck* seems to open a way of reconciliation between the defenders of established musical principles and the apostles of the "music of the future." Such is not the writer's intention; he is polemical and belligerent; but if we are correct in supposing him to lay down thought, not melody, as the expression, and the brain, not the ear, as the object of Wagner's art, it would seem that there is ample room for two schools to exist side by side, having really nothing in common to contend about. Herr Nohl's book, though frequently abstruse, is ably written, and besides a valuable analysis of Wagner's works, contains much suggestive criticism on other musicians; to whom, with the exception of such Wagnerian *bêtes noires* as Mendelssohn, he is tolerably civil for a champion of the new school.

The deserved success of the series of works from the Brunswick Gallery, engraved by Unger, has induced the publishers to bring out a similar work on the Cassel Gallery†, the treasures of which have only been accessible to the public since the recent political changes. The engravings in the first part are well executed, and the selection of pictures already published or announced for publication comprises works of much interest. They are in general of the Dutch school. The accompanying letterpress (not yet published) was to have been from the pen of one of the most accomplished of art-critics, the late Otto Mündler, whose sudden death deprived the publishers of his services.

"A Hundred Years"‡ is a curious medley. The author, having, as he states, accidentally come at various times into possession of old papers concerning the affairs of various persons, has woven them together into a succession of scenes, something between biography and fiction, extending over a century. The work is artless enough, but interesting from its minute details of social life in Hanover two and three generations back. A third part is to follow.

"Through Night to Light,"§ the first of a series of tales by Karl Gutzkow, is vigorous and exciting, but would have gained considerably, at least for English readers, if the author could have been content to lay the scene of the action in his own country. There are no very gross errors in his delineations of English life, but they are evidently not derived from close personal observation, and an air of unreality is the result.

There is real lyrical spirit in L. Jacoby's "Wine Fancies,"|| and more poetical feeling than in many volumes of much greater pretensions. The incessant variation of a single theme, however, becomes monotonous at last.

* *Gluck und Wagner. Ueber die Entwicklung des Musikdramas.* Von Ludwig Nohl. München: Finstlin. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Die Galerie zu Cassel in ihren Meisterwerken.* Leipzig: Seemann. London: Nutt.

‡ *Hundert Jahre. 1770-1870. Zeit- und Lebensbilder aus drei Generationen.* Von H. A. Oppermann. The. 1, 2. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Lebensbilder.* Bd. 1. Durch Nacht zum Licht. Von Karl Gutzkow. Stuttgart: Hallberger. London: Williams & Norgate.

|| *Weinphantasien.* Von L. Jacoby. Berlin: Charisius. London: Nutt.

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The Art of Reticence. The Last Oxford Resolutions. The English Channel. The Infallibilist Definition. The Oxford Outrage. Supervision of Contagious Diseases. The Police. The Royal Academy. Mr. Home and Dramatic Recitation. The Sappho and Cambria.

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Patterson's Magyars.—The Vicar of Bullhampton.—The Manuscripts of the Bibliothèque Impériale.—The Blunders of Vice and Folly.—Proceedings of Local Architectural Societies.—Rossetti's Poems.—Lankester on Longevity.—Wilkins's Reconnoitring in Abyssinia.—Stern Necessity.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

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MUSICAL UNION.—Tuesday, May 24, St. James's Hall, Quarter-past Three. Quartet, B flat, Mozart; Trio, E flat, Beethoven; Quartet, G minor, Haydn; Scherzo, B flat minor, Chopin, &c. Artists: De Grann, Ries, Bernhard, and L. Lobeck. Pianist: Madame A. Kolar, from Vienna.—Tickets, Half-a-Guinea each, to be had of Lamborn Cock, Ollivier, and Mitchell, Bond Street; and of Austin, at the Hall.

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By Order. HOWARD S. SMITH, Secretary.

THE EPIC of the NORTH.—The Saga of the Völsungs and the Niblungs, translated from the Icelandic by WILLIAM MORRIS, Esq., Author of "The Earthly Paradise." Miss MATHILDE BLIND will deliver a LECTURE on the above subject at the ASSEMBLY ROOMS, EYRE ARMS, St. John's Wood, on Wednesday Evening, May 25, to commence at Eight precisely.—Tickets to be had at Mr. Scale's, 5 Portland Place, Circus Road, St. John's Wood. Reserved Seats, 2s.; Back Seats, 1s.; Admission, 1s.

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Ladies are invited to attend.

By Order, DAVID L. DUVAL, Secretary.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—The ANNIVERSARY MEETING will be held, by permission of the President and Managers, at the Theatre of the Royal Institution, Albemarle Street, on Monday, May 23, at One P.M.; Sir R. L. MURCHISON, Bart., President, in the Chair.

The DINNER will take place at Willis's Rooms, at Half-past Six, on the same day. Dinner charge, One Guinea, payable at the Door; or Tickets to be had and Places taken at 15 Whitehall Place. The Friends of Members are admissible to the Dinner.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE, 43 and 45 Harley Street, W.—A SPECIAL COURSE of LECTURES will be delivered by the Rev. STOFFORD A. BROORE, M.A., on the TREATMENT of LANDSCAPE in ENGLISH POETRY, on June 1st, 4th, 15th, and 18th, at Four P.M.—Tickets for the Course, 10s. 1 for Single Lecture, 3s. May be had on application to Miss MILWARD, at the College Office.

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